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JOHN BROUGHAM.

AN ANALYTICAL ESTIMATE OF HIS CHARACTER AS A MAN, AND HIS TALENTS AS AN AUTHOR AND ACTOR.

[John F. Flanigan, in Celtic Monthly.]

Even out in the Far West the sad news of John Brougham's death has created more or less of a sensation; but there is nothing strange in that, for wherever the English is spoken he was known as an author and his loss will be lamented. In April or May of last year I wrote a sketch of Mr. Brougham's life from dates, facts, and incidents which he furnished me personally for the Celtic Monthly; and as the daily papers throughout the country have given extended notices of his interesting career, I hardly think it necessary to reprint the same old story; for if I do, I shall be rewriting simply what I wrote before, and between that and what the newspapers said there is little difference. However, an analysis of his personal character will doubtless be interesting, since his newspaper biographers avoided that subject.

The popular notion entertained of John Brougham seems to have been that he was one of the happiest and most genial of good fellows. The latter qualification was true in the broadest and most generous expression of the term, but the former attribute was far from true.

He was genial; in fact, to have said "John Brougham," was to have prefixed the John with "genial;" he was kind, generous, courtous, manly, full of the very finest quality of humor when in good company, and happy as a bird in his after-dinner moods; but the John Brougham of 51 Irving Place and 137 East Twenty-first, and even of 62 East Ninth streets (his last earthly residence), was not the John Brougham of old Wallack's Theatre, or the palmy days of the Bowery, or the fine lunch nights with old Burton at the "House of Lords," in Houston street, where some fellow at the table one Saturday night after the play burst out with the exclamation, "I'm drunk as a lord!" whereupon John shouted with remarkable "By Gad, it's the House of Lords!" by which he intimated, of course, that everybody in the house was in rather a happy mood.

In society no man was more noted for genial pleasantry, robust humor, and delightful bonhommie. He seemed, even in his later days, to be one of the happiest men in the world—but such was not the case. The truth is, the poor man led a double life—the reminiscences of his domestic life, and his own subsequent surroundings as an isolated old man, with only a man (yet a noble fellow) for a companion, were hard, cold, lonesome, and, at times, miserable, like those of every man who has had a long quarrel with the world, and has come out of the conflict second best. It is not generally known, but, nevertheless, it is a fact, John Brougham was a slave to melancholia for six or seven years previous to his death—

"He lived over the life of the dead,
He lived over the joys that hath fled,
And wished for the peace of the past—
A peace that never can last."

His smile at home was a mask, behind which the frowns of a bitter life were hidden; but when he walked out into the air or sat down at the festive board he forgot himself and his losses; he forgot his failures and his troubles; and, more than anything else, he forgot that the John Brougham of many years and many fortunes was going down to his grave almost penniless. Then he rioted in mirth, gave full play to his animal spirits, and "set the table in a roar." In his palmiest days he was the most accomplished after-dinner or impromptu curtain speaker in America. Age, however, had been telling upon his versatile brilliancy for years.

I called upon him last Summer to get the particulars of his life for the sketch which I wrote for the Celtic. He was ailing at the time, and not in the best of humor; but I could see that from the time he had received my card until I was ushered into his parlor, that he had been trying to place himself at ease, and to dispel from his once sunny face all indications of bad humor and pain. He was not able to get out of his chair on account of his "old enemy," the gout, but his eyes sparkled with a soft Irish light, a light peculiarly and originally Irish, as he held out his hand, and with his big, full, rich voice said:

"Sit down, my boy. How have you been?"

After a little talk I told him the object of my visit, but he seemed rather backward about going into the subject.

"To tell the truth, my dear fellow, I don't wish anybody to anticipate my own work. I have been some time at work upon my record, and the contemporaneous stage life of my day. The public will doubtless find it a very interesting work, and whatever I might tell you of it would only be feathering your nest, and robbing me."

I importuned him, however, and after considerable "bold chat" and a little good sherry he began to talk, and I listened.

I don't propose to repeat that story now; it was copied very freely at the time of publication, and much of it was used very recently by certain newspaper scribes without credit to the writer. Some papers were sent to me at the time of the poor man's fatal sickness, and I read all that was said of him, but there was nothing fresh or new to me in any of them, except, perhaps, the few words of honest condolence traced by the Roman hand of Stephen J. Meany in the Star.

The last time I saw John on the stage he played Sir Oliver Surface in The School for Scandal, and he was just as graphic and artistic as ever. He had a grand voice, a magnetic eye, a rollicking manner, a warm, generous heart, a soul full of humor, and a hand for everybody. Scholarly and talented enough to have wielded immense influence in the empire of literary thought, he preferred his old love, the stage, and we might say that he died with the harness on; for, to tell the truth, the failure to get his last play produced before the end of the season "broke him up." He had outlived his usefulness as a writer, and left behind him half a dozen of plays, such as The Red Light, The Lottery of Life, etc., which were not worthy of the splendid genius that produced Pocahontas and the side-splitting burlesques, Columbus, Much Ado About a Merchant of Venice, and the sterling play, Playing with Fire.

Brougham had not been able to infuse the soul of his nature into his pen for years, and the only attributes of his personality or talents which remained associated with his life were echoed from the wings of a theatre of the past and the club-table of the present. Even his hand-writing, once remarkable for a peculiar beauty, became latterly cramped and almost unintelligible. I could hardly make out the subjoined letter when I received it:

LOTOS CLUB, March 20. 1880.

MY DEAR FLANAGAN:

I am sorry to say we have been unable to get a date for this season, so that the play must stand over for the present. I will let you know in good time when everything is all right. I am feeling poorly; bnt believe me,

Yours, ever truly,

JOHN BROUGHAM.

P. S.—It is now so late in the season that I'm afraid we shall have to wait until next season. I'll not forget about you, friend, at the proper time. J. B.

When John Brougham would shake hands with you, you would feel that all the good nature in the world had been conveyed into one simple, small, soft hand. When he looked you in the eye, truth beamed in his honest glance, and whatever he said was so emphatic with fervid meaning that you could not help being impressed and at times magnetized by his talk. Some people have said that he lost eighty thousand dollars in the failure of Duncan, Sherman & Co., the bankers. I have reasons for doubting this statement. He certainly lost some money there, but nothing like this amount. I knew that he was lessee and manager of several theatres in his day, and I know that all of his managerial ventures were failures, and I know if a man is overburdened with money and is very anxious to get rid of some of it, there is no place in the world where he can get rid of it quicker than a place of amusement. I am aware that he once received as high as $250 a week as an actor, but it was not continuous, and even if it was continuous, John Brougham was not the man to keep it. He could say, like many other brilliant geniuses, some of whom, however, were taught by experience the vice of saving money:

"I've one little failing, I hope you'll excuse,
'Tis lacking the courage to boldly refuse—
The source of my sorrow, the source of my woe,
Has been lacking the courage to boldly say No."

John Brougham never refused anybody anything in reason, and often sent little presents to old friends whom he never expected to see again on account of old troubles, but whom he liked well enough to desire a continuance of their friendly remembrance.

He was not a good business man, he had none of the qualifications of a money-maker, and was a natural born good fellow, the worst title any man can get in this world for his personal good and comfort of life.

Brougham was not a money-maker in the sense of a money-keeper; for, after all, almost anybody can make money in America, but it is the fellow with a large proportion of the faculty of acquisitiveness that keeps it.

As a literateur John Brougham will rank in a fair position, and had he devoted his entire time to literature he would have won a very enviable position as a man of letters. If he had never written anything except Pocahontas or Ye Gentle Savage, his name would live forever in the temple of the comic muse as an unequaled humorous versifier.

I fancy that the authorship of London Assurance—the best comedy that has been produced since the time of Sheridan—has been settled at last. It has been clearly shown that Brougham sold his right of title and production to Boucicault for £150—not eight hundred dollars. He was then a young man and no hand at a bargain, and beside, unknown as either an actor or an author.

Boucicault's mean, grasping nature has been clearly shown in this transaction—as a monetary affair in one sense, but more especially in the fact that, for the last twenty-five years or more, he has claimed the work as his own. Brougham regretted this piece of literary trading, or "John-foolery," as he called it to the day of his death. The theatrical Jew who beat him out of this beautiful work made a fortune out of it; but there is just a little gratification in knowing that he had bad luck with the money.

John Brougham, as an actor and an author, must have earned at least a quarter of a million of dollars—well, two hundred thousand dollars at least—and the best proof that can be offered of the truth of what I have written regarding my poor old friend is his will.

John Brougham always dressed with taste and care, and his private wardrobe consisted of perhaps a dozen suits of clothes. The last time I saw him at a public dinner he wore a beautiful set of diamond studs, and they, perhaps, are worth three hundred dollars. These, with his watch and chain, will probably foot up five hundred dollars, which—with about five hundred dollars' worth of clothes, private and theatrical—will make Mr. Ship, his faithful companion, the owner of a thousand dollars. His real and personal property is a mere nothing, and Annie Deland, the actress, has not fallen heir to a fortune. The copyrights mentioned in the will have all been disposed of long ago, or I have been misinformed. The only actual thing that John Brougham owned outside of his wardrobe was his grave, and many a man has died in this world who figured in history much more conspicuously than "genial" John, who did not own even that much at his death. Mr. Brougham's religious notions were like those entertained by the majority of professional people. He said he believed in God, had never injured a soul in this world, and asked God to have mercy upon his soul. He was Catholic in tone, spirit and idea, but professed no particular creed. When Dr. Cummings was pastor of Twenty-eighth Street Church (St. Stephen's) John Brougham dined nearly every day at his table.

In his early days Mr. Brougham was as handsome a man as you could meet in a day's walk. Well-proportioned, straight as an arrow, with an eye like a hawk's, a forehead with intellectuality stamped upon it—a most agreeable countenance, bushy light curly hair, and a quick, elastic step—and—well, it was a pity he ever grew old, since age robbed him of his physical graces. But, he is dead, and we shall never see the old familiar face again on this earth. The fascinating smile that lit up a face of incomparable beauty is lost forever, and Greenwood's clay covers a warm, impulsive Irish heart, that once throbbed with pure sympathetic feeling for all mankind.

The testimonial benefit which was gotten up for Mr. Brougham a few years ago realized the sum of twelve thousand dollars, and was a splendid proof of his popularity. For a benefit performance this was a fine showing—one, in fact, unprecedented in our stage annals. The money received at this benefit was invested by a committee, and an annuity fixed upon Mr. Brougham, which amounted to something like twenty-nine dollars per week. This ceased at his death. Big-hearted John McCullough, while standing at the death-bed of his friend, said to one of the ladies present: "Well, I suppose poor John has something laid by now, that he can reach when he wants it." "Yes," replied Miss ——, "we have just ninety-four cents between us; and here are four people." This is true, and was printed in several papers. How sad! What a lesson to aspiring, thriftless genius! Will the rising young man whose pockets are now being lined with fortune's gilding, remember the death-beds of Charles Fechter, Dan Bryant and John Brougham?

How strange it is that these magnificent intellects, these sublime specimens of God's holiest and most perfect work, know nothing of the value of money, and generally go down to their graves penniless.

Playful as a child, gentle and soft-natured as the most delicate-spirited woman—kind, cheerful and modest as a fellow of the cloister—he combined the strong qualities of blunt uprightness, sterling integrity, and manly straightforwardness, with all the soft refinements of our sister sex. Rich in fancy, bubbling in humor, gorgeous in imaginative eloquence, sharp but not poisonous in satire, he ran the entire gamut of the scholar's keyboard, and never in his life played a false note or touched a harsh chord. His life was one beautiful harmonious symphony of song, wit and wisdom, and his death was crowned with the snowy age of a career as spotless and pure as the snow that covered it.

"Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of our better days;
None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise."

LEADVILLE, COL., June 12, 1880.

SARDOU AND DUMAS.—Twenty years ago, when Sardou was very poor, he promised, in return for a small advance of cash, to write a comedy for the Palais Royal Theatre. He postponed and postponed. Threatened now with an action, he has complied, which explains why that petty theatre will bring out a masterpiece. Poor Dumas pere was not like Sardou; what he promised he punctually performed. Dumas came to Paris with forty francs in his pocket. He earned and squandered 40,000,000 francs. When going to bed to die he found a twenty-franc piece in his pocket. "Look," said he, showing it to his son proudly, "what I possess on quitting the world; and people accuse me of extravagance." When Dumas fils invited Baron Taylor to attend his father's funeral in the country, he assured the Baron, "You can catch a return train in time for dinner."

RHAPSODY. — Cincinnati Commercial: "When one stands on the balcony of the Highland House these glorious moonlight nights, it appears as though one were standing in the rays of the electric light, and when beneath the rays of the artificial light one can almost declare that it is the moon itself lighting up the scene. When to the moonlight and the electric light are added the countless gas-jets the scene becomes fairy-like indeed. 'And when the music arose with its voluptuous swell,' so says the great poet, it would seem that he penned those lines when he heard the guitar, the mandolin and the violin, when some other Spanish Students had charmed his poetic soul and wakened the irreproachable muse of his majestic verse."

THE WORLD'S METROPOLIS.

LONDON, July 8, 1880.

The English stage being almost entirely in the occupation of aliens and foreigners, the remnant that remains to native possession has given itself over to fiery devastation. This is a literal fact. The Duke's Theatre was destroyed on Sunday afternoon last; and as there is no apparent accounting for the existence of fire in the auditorium at such a period, the inference is that the building voluntarily and of malice aforethought generated the devouring element. (N. B. In remarking anent any fiery occurrence it is essential to refer to the "devouring element.")

The history of the Duke's is short and the reverse of sweet. It was opened fourteen years ago by Mr. Sefton Parry, with the Flying Scud. In this play, which was very successful, the late Mr. George Belmore made a great hit as Nat Gosling, the old jockey. After this, however, the fortunes of the house decayed. Mr. Barry Sullivan failed in the legitimate, and the next stand was that made by All for Her, in which, under Mr. Horace Wigan's management, Mr. John Clayton made his first, some say only, success. The house was then called the Mirror. Another period of intermittent openings with attractions and closing without "treasurys," and we arrive at the last success achieved.—New Babylon—which ran for a very long time under Holt and Wilmot's management, and which, being revived, was in the bills when the house was destroyed. The theatre, as a theatre, will not be regretted, for both inside and out it was architecturally about the worst in London.

It was at the Duke's that Baker and Farran recently had a six weeks' season, with satisfactory results in all but a financial sense. They are doing very much better paying business in the provinces.

Messrs. Moore & Burgess, reckless of their proud boast that their company "never performs out of London nor away from St. James' Hall," have flitted to the Standard Theatre with their sable followers and left a clear platform at the hall in Piccadilly for those members of the New York San Francisco Minstrels who are taking a vacation in England, and working double tides the while. These energetic gentlemen—to wit: Messrs. Thatcher, Hall, Johnson and Powers—made their first appearance on Monday, and it is to be regretted that in so short a term as five weeks they will make their last. Their "end" business is refreshing after the stereotyped whimsicalities (?) of English negro comedians, and stands out with exceptional brilliancy when contrasted with the very poor vocal talent associated in the first part of the performance. Mr. Thatcher's recitations are received with roars of laughter, and Mr. Hall's marvelous banjo-playing with equal applause. Messrs. Johnson and Powers in song-and-dance business are also very good.

Popular expectation looks for great things from the Mastodons, who are shortly to open at Her Majesty's Opera House. Grand enough locale for burnt-cork professors indeed. They evidently expect to do immense business.

Forbidden Fruit—which has already seen the light in New York—was produced successfully at Covent Garden last Saturday. The Messrs. Gatti seem to have got Boucicault on the brain despite their experience with Rescued. The new play is supported by Messrs. J. G. Taylor—whom you will remember in Pinafore—Brooke and Pateman, Misses Pateman, Clara Jecks, Helen Barry and Marie Williams—who is playing the comparatively comedy part of Lulu, the acrobat, before devoting herself to the burlesquian festivities of the Leavitt combination.

This company is now complete, and includes, in addition to Marie Williams, who may be regarded as the acting detachment, Selina Dolaro, representing the vocal element, and Alma Stanley, Adelaide Praeger, Lizzie Mulholland and a lot of others, who provide the necessary number of legs to keep such an entertainment going. The gentlemen of the company are headed by James A. Meade, who is to be stage manager and who is the only one of them in any way known to fame.

Genevieve Ward has relinquished her intention of going to America, and will shortly take Forget-Me-Not on tour again in the provinces. She has been immensely successful as Stephanie, as indeed all the world knows by this time.

La Fille du Tambour Major is running at the Alhambra to crowded houses. This piece is to form one of the chief attractions of the Leavitt company. Mr. Carleton, who is singing the part of Captain Robert—a downward step from the pedestal of Italian opera he formerly occupied—will appear as primo-baritone of the Strakosch and Hess Grand English Opera company at the Fifth Avenue Theatre in the beginning of November. This engagement has been made some time, and the correspondent who recently asserted that Mr. Carleton would go on tour with the comic opera is requested to note the fact and to abstain from dispensing unauthorized details in the future. It may be noted that Grand English opera appears to be Italian opera in English, and not Grand English opera at all.

An immense number of American managers and agents are in London looking either for novelties for home consumption, or for opportunities to dispose of played-out attractions to best advantage.

Mr. Will H. Morton, late the manager of the Jarrett and Palmer Uncle Tom company during their two years' tour, has assumed charge of the grand spectacular affair organized by Mr. H. C. Jarrett, and follows his principal to your side per the California, sailing to-morrow. The spectacular fever seems to have infected half the managers in existence; and this show in particular is to embrace specialty attractions beyond description.

Mr. W. A. Mestayer, the Tourist, is en tour, accompanied by his charming young wife. He says he is having a splendid time, and his appearance confirms the statement.

Mr. F. A. Schwab has gone to Paris to complete the Bernhardt support negotiations. He expects to engage M. Belvaux, who was stage manager for Rachel, in a similar capacity on behalf of Sara.

Mme. Modjeska will not go to America this year. After the necessary Summer recess she will return to the Court Theatre, there to play out whatever vitality may remain in Heartsease and to debut in Adrienne Lecouvreur. Probably Sara would like to be present at this latter event.

Manager Leavitt's Suit.

[London Daily Telegraph, July 10.]

Leavitt vs. Williams.—This was a motion for an injunction to restrain the defendant, Miss Marie Williams, an actress, from playing or performing for any other person than the plaintiff, or otherwise than in accordance with an agreement entered into between the parties, by which the defendant agreed to sustain the principal boy's parts in various plays in the United States for the sum of $150 a week. The document in question was dated May 29, and the defense was that a previous agreement had been entered into by the defendant with a Mr. Rice of New York. It appears that the defendant received several letters from Mr. Rice, one of which, dated April 13, asked her to state the salary she required for a thirty-five weeks' engagement. This was answered by the defendant, and Mr. Rice wrote again on April 27, 1880, offering to engage her and requesting her to reply by telegram whether she accepted the offer or not, as he was in negotiation with another actress and could not wait longer than May 15. He also requested Miss Williams to send him a photograph and a sketch of her stage career. She did not accept the engagement by telegram, as requested by Mr. Rice, but she sent a photograph, and the question in dispute was whether this was or was not such an acceptance of the offer as made a binding contract.

Miss Williams was sworn and deposed that she received the letter on April 27, 1880, and in reply she sent him a photograph, and enclosed a sheet of paper, on which were written the words, "I am too ill to write now, but enclose you a photograph for litho." Since that time she had been in communication with Mr. Stanley (Mr. Rice's agent), and he had told her that he considered she was under an engagement with Mr. Rice, who had lithographed her photograph and gone to great expense. She could not tell the exact date when she sent her photograph, but it was certainly before May 29.

Mr. Ince, Q. C., in support of the motion, contended that Mr. Rice's letter, dated April 27, could not have been received by the defendant before the 7th or 8th May, and therefore the offer contained therein could not have been accepted except by telegram as requested by Mr. Rice.

Mr. Everitt, on behalf of the defendant, contended that the sending of the photograph was an acceptance of Mr. Rice's offer, and that if the plaintiff succeeded in the present case the defendant would be again liable to legal proceedings in America at his instance.

The Master of the Rolls said the question he had to decide was whether the agreement entered into by the plaintiff and defendant was to be broken because the lady was afraid that some other person would insist on a prior agreement, which in his opinion did not exist. The plaintiff had proved his agreement, and was entitled to the injunction asked.

WOOD.—Walsingham: "Apropos of Mrs. John Wood, I saw the bright creatrice of Pocahontas, or La Belle Sauvage, on Regent street, looking as young as ever, if not younger, and making an extremely chic appearance in a dark green costume embroidered in straw color. She occupied a box on the occasion of Mme. Chaumont's first appearance in company with Mrs. Labouchere (Miss Henrietta Hodson), a sumptuous blonde in pearl grey, and I was impressed with the fact that Mrs. John Wood must have discovered the secret of perpetual youth. She wore a dress of flowered white brocade, with pink demi-sleeves and long fawn-colored gloves; on the ledge of the box were two enormous bouquets of white clematis and lilac blossoms."

A BRAVE WOMAN.—Mlle. Marie Dumas, the well-known Parisian actress, recently gave evidence of the possession of pluck. A ruffianly carter attacked her one evening in the Avenue de Choisy, fairly gagged her to prevent her crying for assistance, and then tried to rob her. But the actress, who is a vigorous woman, seized her aggressor by the throat, and held him so tightly gripped that he could not escape, until two soldiers luckily came up and secured him.

To M--- M---.

BY RICHARD FOOTE.

O for a love! undying love,
A love that will ne'er prove untrue.
And such the love, undying love,
Is this love that I bear for you.

O for a heart! a faithful heart,
That always as faithful will be;
And such a heart—a faithful heart—
Is this heart I offer to thee.

But oh, for faith! confiding faith—
A faith that will never repine.
If you had faith, confiding faith,
My life would be ever sunshine.

NEW YORK, July, 1880.

DRAMA IN THE STATES.

WHAT THE PLAYER FOLK ARE DOING ALL OVER THE COUNTRY.

DATES AHEAD.

Managers of traveling combinations will favor us by sending every week advance dates, and mailing the same in time to reach us on Monday.

BARNUM'S CIRCUS: Cheyenne, Wy., August 2; Boulder, Col., 3; Denver, 4, 5 and 6; Greeley, 7; Kearney Junction, 9; Fremont, 10; Lincoln, 11; Marysville, Kan., 12; Atchison, 13; St. Joseph, 14.

TONY PASTOR'S TROUPE: Syracuse, 30; Troy, 31; Boston, August 2 (for week); Saratoga, 10; Albany, 11; Binghamton, 12; Elmira, 13; Jamestown, 14; Bradford, Pa., 16; Youngstown, O., 17; Akron, 18; Canton, 19; Cincinnati, 21 (for eight days); St. Louis, 30 (for week).

JOHN ROBINSON'S CIRCUS: Remington, Ind., 30; Monticello, 31; Kokomo, August 2; Anderson, 3; New Castle, 4; Hagerstown, Md., 5; Richmond, Va., 6.

W. C. COUP'S CIRCUS: Norristown, Pa., August 2; Pottstown, 3; Reading, 4; Lebanon, 5; Columbia, 6; York, 7.

CALLENDER'S GEORGIA MINSTRELS: Whitehall, N. Y., 30; Fort Edward, 31.

Boston.

Pinafore in all its realistic beauties was revived at the Oakland Gardens on Monday evening, and the immense audience present gave critical evidence of a thorough appreciation of the excellent performance of this somewhat familiar operatic production. Many improvements have been made by the management in the arrangements on ship and shore, all of which tend to add to the effectiveness of the performance and the comfort of the audience. A capital selection has been made in the principals of the company, the cast being as follows: Sir Joseph, William Forrester; Capt. Corcoran, Percy Cooper; Ralph, James Conly; Deadeye, James Gilbert; Buttercup, Flora Barry; Josephine, Geraldine Ulmer; Hebe, Rose Leighton. Most of these artists have already won a hearty recognition of their abilities in the several roles assigned them, but Flora Barry was heard for the first time in this city as Buttercup; and the beauty of her vocalism, as well as her admirable impersonation, fully justifies the praise awarded her assumption of this role elsewhere. An excellent chorus was choson for the performance, the ladies making the scenes on board as attractive to the eye as they were tuneful to the ear. Pinafore is announced for every performance this week.

The Boylston Museum still continues the only theatre open in the city proper. The programme includes the usual variety acts, and the artists down on the bill are quite up to the standard of this popular amusement centre. Dan. Leavitt, Luke Fenton, Lizzie Lanning, Byron and Coffee, Annie Worley, Tony Williams and Emma Marden all appear in their special acts.

At Forest Garden the reconstructed Evangeline has entered upon its third week and large audiences attend the performances.

The New Orleans Minstrels appear at Revere Beach. A couple of miles from Boston is a most delightful and cool resort called City Point, and there the Alhambra is situated and the Pirates of Penzance is being given with a satisfactory ensemble, including, the gods be praised! a young and attractive chorus, whose fresh voices fall pleasantly on the ear attuned to Sullivan's rocks of ages cleft apparently for our eternal edification. Miss Mattie Danielle is particularly pleasing as Mabel. Mr. Brocolini is indeed a most satisfying pirate king, and it is refreshing to hear so good a singer and see so fine an actor in an important role. Mr. McCreery is not a strong dramatic tenor, but he has a very sweet voice and his stage presence is very pleasing. The remainder of the company are all good, and the performances are attended by the elite of the city. Capt. Halleck, the manager, has labored strenuously in giving the public a first-class place of amusement, and it is gratifying to see that his labors have been crowned with success.

Next week Tony Pastor and co. are the attraction, and I predict a most brilliant season, as Tony is a great favorite here. Harrigan and Hart, and Collier's Union Square co. in The Banker's Daughter, are among the forthcoming attractions; and the future of the Alhambra is sure to be successful, as no better attractions have ever been offered at a Summer theatre.

Brooklyn.

Academy of Music: Closed.
Haverly's: Closed.
Park: Closed.
Novelty: Closed.
Hyde & Behman's: Closed.
Olympic: Closed.
Berry's: Closed.
Brooklyn Music Hall: Closed.
Brooklyn Atheneum: Closed.

Court Square: This pretty little house, which has had such a signal run of bad luck during the last few years, being now the only place of amusement open in the city, is doing fairly well with a tolerably good variety performance, in which are enlisted the services of several very clever people.

Items: Haverly's is announced to open August 23, with J. K. Emmet in his new version of Fritz. As he is booked for the same date at the Grand Opera House, New York, it will at once be seen that there is an entanglement here to be straightened.—The alteration of the Brooklyn Opera House (variety) into a large clothing house is now well nigh completed.—William M. St. Clair, a well-known patron of all the Brooklyn and New York theatres, whose handsome face is always to be seen among the "first-nighters," tells me that on Sept. 1, he will have completed arrangements for opening one of the most elegantly appointed theatre ticket offices to be found any where in the country. It will be located on Fulton street, New York, between the Ferry and Elevated Railroad station. This is something that has long been needed, and we opine will be gladly welcomed by amusement goers. "Will," though young in years, not being yet 19, has had a long experience in amusement going, the result of which has made his judgment on things theatrical equal to many old stagers of 35 or even more. As he is possessed of good business ability, having also the right kind of snap, and "the inside track" on securing the choicest of seats at every place of amusement, his venture seems surely destined to be a success.

Chicago.

Olympic: Edward Arnott produced his new play (the property of his wife), entitled In Trust. There are five acts of it. It is much better than Victims of Faro, or in fact any other piece it has been my misfortune to see produced from the fertile pen of this "distinguished author and actor." It seems that it was copyrighted under another name and written by Mr. Arnott, who, for some good reason probably, transferred it over to his wife. The scenery was very good, especially that of the ruined mill, which scene I also understand from the bills belongs to Mrs. Arnott. The cast was a very strong one, including Dickie Lingard, E. J. Buckley, Roland Reed, Will S. Cowper, Flora Newton, W. J. Henley, J. W. Helmbold, W. S. Clemmens, Charles Kent, Robert Buckminster, Charles Reece, Edmund C. Howe, John Rogers, Mrs. Lafayette, Eliza Rogers and Lizzie Hunter. Miss Dickie Lingard had a very good part, taking four characters. This lady is a very bright little soubrette, and in a congenial strong piece should make a great success. E. J. Buckley and Roland Reed, the former as the villain and the latter as the comedian, acted creditably. Edward Arnott is rather a capable performer, but has hurt himself trying to make his mark in trashy plays of his own production. Flora Newton in a small part acted very acceptably. The others barely came up to the requirements of their different roles. 26th, a new adaptation from the German, entitled The Fatal Step, with Roland Reed, E. J. Buckley, Alice Hastings, Miss Lester and others in the cast.

Haverly's: Augustin Daly's company closed the season at this house, presenting Bronson's Howard's last comedy, Wives. The performance has been artistic and excellent throughout, and it is impossible to imagine how it could have been better. Mr. Daly is entitled to great credit for introducing so many really excellent artists to Chicago audiences as he has through the medium of this company during the last month. The organization is not weak excepting in one point, and that is hardly worth mentioning. Charles Leclercq gave a very fine rendition of Arnolphe, the crusty old guardian. Catherine Lewis was charming as Agnes, the simple one. Ada Rehan, who is an unusually strong comedy actress, assumed her role to perfection. This lady has very good prospects, and ere long may be expected to receive the reward in the profession that her sterling merit entitles her to. May Fielding had very little to do, but did that little well. Miss Fielding is more at home in opera. John Drew as Dorival, the cunning valet, appeared at his best, and as is usual with this gentleman, he did very well indeed. Harry Lacy as Horace, the fervent lover, was very acceptable and could not have been improved upon. John Moore, E. M. Smith, Mr. McDonough, George Parkes, E. Sterling, Miss Everson, Mr. Lawrence, Miss May Fielding, Sara Lascelles and May Sylvie were all worthy of mention and commendation. The piece is very amusing, the situations sometimes causing uproarious laughter. It is one of Mr. Howard's best productions. 26th, closes for one week. August 2. Union Square co.

McVicker's: Closed. Reopens early in August.

Hooley's: Closed. House is undergoing repairs. Nearly 200 new opera chairs will be put in. Reopens 31st, with Criterion Comedy co.

Grand Opera House (late Hamlin's): Closed.

Lyceum: Closed. Will reopen about September 4.

Items: The manager of the Theatre Comique, Detroit, Charles Welch, was in the city this week.—Lucretia Borgia at National Theatre, commencing 26th.—R. L. Dingess, agent Forepaugh's Circus, was in the city during the week.—Prof. Samuel Kayzer reads Hamlet at Hershey Music Hall 28th.—Henry Chapman and Robert Fox will manage the Lyceum next season.—Mr. Gilmore of Niblo's, N. Y., George Kelsh, agent Cooper & Bailey's Circus, all honored Chicago with their presence for several days this week.—James Nixon, John Murray, and A. C. Cambridge go East about 1st of next month.—Sprague's Circus has disbanded.—The Huntley Dramatic co. are playing Rip Van Winkle and Peril in the Provinces.—Frank Shiff, scenic artist, late of Academy of Music, has engaged with Fox of the Olympic for next season.—Robson and Crane open their Fall season in Detroit Sept. 6, leaving there for Chicago, where they appear at Hooley's.—J. H. Haverly, R. E. J. Miles and Sam Colville are reported as making arrangements to introduce the French spectacular piece Une voyage en Chine.—Lew and Frank Collins become members of Duprez & Benedict's Minstrels next season.—Gulick and Blaisdell have secured Roland Reed and Alice Hastings, who will star in a piece adapted from the German especially for them. Their season will commence Nov. 8.—Harry Brown migrated eastward, with New York as his destination, on 24th.—Hugh Fay leaves to join Hyde and Behman on 25th. Mr. Fay is rather exasperated at Hickey's advertisement announcing his appearance in A Flock of Geese. He says he has nothing to do with the co. and feels much aggrieved at the unauthorized use of his name.—Mr. Dalziel has been getting into hot water. The facts, as near as they can be ascertained, are as follows: Andy McKay, the organizer and proprietor of the snap company that appeared at the Olympic last week under the title of "Hart's Mammoth Variety co.," failed to pay the company their salaries, and gave further evidence by so doing of a lack of conscientious scruples. McKay left town it is supposed, as he was not to be found, and as a last resort, under the advice of H. C. Friese, the performers attempted to hold Mr. Dalziel responsible for Mr. McKay's indebtedness to them, on the rather flimsy ground that they had appeared in his theatre. Mr. Dalziel on hearing of Mr. Friese's advice requested him to leave the premises, and on his refusal to do so Mr. Dalziel gave him a blow in the face, which had the desired effect. Mr. Friese swore out a warrant for Mr. Dalziel's arrest, and he appeared before Justice Meech on 23d inst. The result was that Dalziel was fined $3 and costs, as he did not deny hitting Friese. The judge expressed his regret that he was obliged to impose the fine and costs, but remitted the fine immediately.—Black Diamonds at Halsted Street Opera House during the week to good houses.—E. A. McDowell co. returned to the city from Manitoba. They report good business.—Mr. Barton, late of California Theatre, but now managing Bob Ingersoll, is in the city.—Hazel Kirke comb. will appear at Hooley's in November.—The Wallace-Dobson comb. closed their season, and returned here this week. The co. consisted of Charles Dobson, Minnie Wallace, C. L. Cornwell, W. D. Claflin, J. H. Simpson, J. H. Snyder, Frank Beardsford, Fannie Beardsford, J. McCosh, H. Patterson, and others.

Connecticut.

HARTFORD.

A very gentle ripple over the surface theatrical brings the indefinite intelligence that the Boston Ideal co. will give us Boccaccio early in next season, and that this city is placed on the route of the Hazel Kirke co., when it takes the road.

Prof. R. O. Phelps, one of our best musicians, has accepted an engagement to conduct a series of children's musical and dramatic performances in New York during the coming season. The details have not as yet been given to the public, but I can assure you that whoever the manager may be he has made a first-class selection. Several of your church choirs in New York are indebted to Hartford for some of their highest stars. James H. Wright, for two years treasurer of the New National Theatre in this city, has formed a partnership with Charles A. Whitney, late business manager of the Boylston Museum, Boston, and they have leased the Academy of Music, Lynn, Mass., and in September will open a first-class variety and comb. theatre. Both have had experience and we bespeak success for them in their venture.

It is rumored that J. K. Newton, the popular manager of the New National, will purchase the interest of Hopkins & Morrow in that house, and open it next season for himself. He is a popular man with both public and profession, and will doubtless add much to the quality of the entertainments we are to have this coming winter. This theatre will open August 23 for one week.

BRIDGEPORT.

Opera House (Hawes & Keeler managers): The past week Prof. Cook, the Spiritualist, to light "biz." The receipts for four nights were $58.

Item: Rafael Joseffy, August Wilhelmj, Maximilian Vogrich, Frank Chapman, and E. R. Rosenbaum were in this city the past week.

Colorado.

DENVER.

Everything closed except varieties, and they are doing only a fair business. The attraction everyone is waiting for is Cole's Circus.

District of Columba.

WASHINGTON.

Theatre Comique (Jake Budd manager): George C. Charles, assisted by Kitty Pell, in The Skeleton Hand, forms the principal attraction for the coming week. No other place of amusement open.

Item: Harry Taylor of this city, who has become a reliable and talented member of the profession, is visiting friends here. He goes with Jefferson next season.

Iowa.

COUNCIL BLUFFS.

Barnum's Greatest Show on Earth is billed for 29th; Ward's Minstrels booked for Aug. 5. Manager Dohany is making every effort to get the best attractions, of which he already has many engaged.

CEDAR RAPIDS.

Nothing dramatic. Barnum's Show came 17th, to big business both afternoon and evening. Best show of the season, and pleased everybody.

Item: Manager Greene is pushing the new opera house, and expects to have it finished by November.

Illinois.

SPRINGFIELD.

Chatterton's Opera House: Home talent, under the supervision of Henry Saville of the Jarrett Fun on the Bristol co., will render Mendelssohn's Oratorio of Elijah at this house on the 27th.

Adelphi Theatre (W. H. Laird proprietor): This house was reopened for the Fall and Winter season on the 19th. Business for week has been light. The co. is as follows: Jennie Oates, the Leroys, Frank and Emma; Mlle. Estelle, Nellie Foley, Charles Mason and Sam Cole. The management of the house is as follows: W. H. Laird, proprietor; J. L. Herndon, business manager; Charles A. Mason, stage manager; Prof. Fisher, leader of orchestra, and Chas. Gardner, property man. Charley Mason's drama, Leadville or Bust, in which he introduces his mule Calamity, closes the entertainment.

ALTON.

Sells Bros' Circus showed here 19th. The seating capacity of the establishment was taxed to its utmost. The performances were exceptionally good, while the absence of the lemonade, peanut and candy venders was a brilliant feature, second only to the electric light.

Items: Our worthy bill-sticker, John Mather, has just added 1,000 feet of bill-board to his stock, and is only waiting for ye agent.—Jack takes THE MIRROR in his.

ROCKFORD.

Nothing new in the amusement line. No dates closed for the balance of month. The house on the East side, Metropolitan Hall, is being refitted, painted and decorated, additional stage accommodations being added, and will be occupied during the season by the Germania Dramatic Society. THE MIRROR circulation does not drop off any during the Summer months.

BLOOMINGTON.

Another week has passed without anything in the way of amusements. The Fiske Jubilee Singers give an entertainment tomorrow night (24th) at Durley Hall, under the auspices of the Illinois Wesleyan University, being the last of a series of concerts for the benefit of the University.

AURORA.

Sells' Brothers' Circus will be here August 4. The Gulick-Blaisdell management expect to supply us with good companies this season.

Indiana.

VINCENNES.

Green's Opera House (William Green manager): This house is being remodeled and will be finished in time for coming season.

Tivola Garden (Griel & Weisenbach managers): Semi-weekly concerts crowded as usual.

National Garden (Charles F. Baker manager): Concerts Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday, well attended.

Items: Coming, Inter-Ocean Circus August 15. Barnum's Sept. 15.—A Spoiled Child is the name of a comedy in three acts written by Mr. Charles Louis of this city for Minnie Palmer. The cast is as follows: Hon. Henry Byron, member of Congress, a keen politician of high aspirations; Effie Byron, aged 12, his only child—style petulant, saucy and gushing—a spoiled child; Aunt Matilda, sister of Byron, spinster; conceives an unfortunate passion for Mons. Duschesne, whereby she is made the unhappy object of Effie's persecutions; style prim and caustic; Mons. Duschesne, professor of vocal culture; Alfred Byron, nephew of Hon. B., a cadet at Naval Academy, Annapolis, supposed to meet his fate in Miss Morgan; Jack Hunter, chum and friend of Alfred, a jolly good fellow with a knack for puns; John, coachman, etc, to Byron, a voluble Irishman, an especial favorite with Effie; Mary, chambermaid, a good-hearted girl; Miss Morgan, a handsome and accomplished young lady lately returned from a sojourn in Europe. The first act is laid in Washington City at the residence of Byron, the remaining two at a grove near by, where a picnic is being held. The play throughout abounds in lively situations, especially adapted to Miss Palmer's style. A brief synopsis would scarcely convey an idea of its action. It will be sufficient to say that interest never flags and abundant opportunities are offered for the introduction of the usual specially work.—Love and Duty is the name of a four-act melodrama, also written by Mr. Louis, which will shortly be produced.

KOKOMO.

Kokomo Opera House (D. T. McNiel manager): This house will be opened for season of 1880-1 on August 28, by Ward's Minstrels. Townsend Family will hold the boards during Fair week, beginning Sept 13.

Tipton Opera House (D. T. McNiel manager): This is a new house. Seating capacity of house, 400. size of stage in clear, 14 feet deep 18 feet front; full set of scenery, and four dressing-rooms. Will be opened Sept. 20 by Townsend Family for one week during county fair. The town is situated about half way between Indianapolis and Kokomo on the Indianapolis, Peru and Chicago Railroad.

Circuses: John Robinson's circus is handsomely billed for August 2. P. T. Barnum's "Only Greatest Show on Earth" will unfold canvas in this city Sept. 15

Items: Manager McNiel will play the Townsend Family at Frankfort one week during fair, beginning August 23.—MIRROR on sale every Saturday morning at H. G. Meyer's news depot.

INDIANAPOLIS.

Nothing moving in dramatic circles of any special importance. Al. Lipman, assisted by prominent amateur talent, will have a benefit 30th, appearing in A Scrap of Paper. A large house will greet Mr. Lipman. The variety halls, excepting Gilmore's Garden, are all closed. Gilmore's, however, is doing a good business.

Items: The legitimate season will open Sept. 6.—Hearts of Oak will open the Park. Lawrence Barrett in Richelieu will open the new English Opera House.—George E. Homer, of Homer and Holly, is spending the Summer season with his parents here. The partnership of Homer and Holly is dissolved. Mr. Homer has a number of good offers.

RICHMOND.

No amusements this week. Tony Pastor is booked for August 20. C. E. Cullen is the affable advance agent of John Robinson's Circus, which tarries here August 6. W. Mach, the destinguished baritone soloist, has been engaged to assist in the production of Mozart's Twelfth Mass, which will be presented here soon. The vanguard of Robinson's Great World's Exposition were in town the 24th. Maude (Grubbs) Stuart of this city is summering at Ocean Grove, N. J. She writes that she has made an engagement with Manager Mackaye, and will appear at the Madison Square during the coming season.

FORT WAYNE.

The Olympic closed last week. This variety theatre is managed by W. A. Morris, who has had a tough time of it to keep the doors open this Summer. The house opens August 26 for the regular season.

Items: The Dicksons of Indianapolis control both opera houses next season. The co. operate with Brooks & Dickson's Grand Circuit.—Sells Brothers' Circus, August 13.—R. S. Dingess, agent Forepaugh's Show, is in town to-day (19th).—F. J. Healy, formerly your Chicago correspondent, is now editor of the Daily Gazette of this city.

TERRE HAUTE.

Opera House (C. E. Hosford manager): The past week has been bare of events. The coming season promises to be a good one; forty troupes are already booked. Season commences Sept. 1.

Item: Batchellor & Doris' Great Inter-Ocean Show billed for August 2.

Maryland.

BALTIMORE.

At this time of the year it is rather a hard matter to know what to write about. All the legitimate places of amusement being closed, it necessarily falls upon the correspondent of a dramatic paper to conceive within his brain something that not only will amuse his readers, but as well seek to elevate the tone of his letters, so that they may be as readable at this time of the year as when he has plenty of news in his regular line, wherein he can at length expatiate upon the different particular items appertaining thereto. Not wishing to give you a sermon, but merely to touch as lightly as possible upon each and every thing that to my mind might be of interest to the NEW YORK MIRROR, I will now heave ahead.

Ford's Opera House: Mr. Ford has announced the opening of his house to be on the evening of August 16, with a play entitled Fun; and from what I can learn the play is a conglomeration of musical absurdities, nicely put together. The music is taken from the following comic operas: Boccaccio, La Creole, Camargo, Royal Middy, Madame Favart, etc. Manager Ford is determined to be ahead, if possible, in the attractions for the coming season, and it is his determination not to be outdone in anything that will go toward the success of the different combinations that will appear at his house. It is an acknowledged fact that in regard to scenery, stage decorations, etc., this house has always excelled every other in Baltimore.

Academy of Music: Mr. Samuel W. Fort, who has now the management of this temple of the drama, has just returned from New York. So far thirteen weeks have been filled, and, with the local attractions, this will very nearly fill up the entire season. The stage furniture is all being newly upholstered, old scenery repainted and made apparently new, parts of the interior of the building repainted, and, in fact, everything in general is now in a fair way of having a complete overhauling. The following are some of the attractions for the coming season already booked: Strakosch & Hess Grand English Opera, with Marie Roze and Rose Hersee as prima-donnas; the comic opera of Boccaccio; Dudley Buck's opera, Desart; John McCullough; The Banker's Daughter, with F. C. Bangs in the cast; Mrs. Scott-Siddons; Hearts of Oak; Emma Thursby; Strategists; Mapleson's Italian Opera co.; De Witt Talmage, and the new French Opera Bouffe, etc.

Holliday Street Theatre: Mr. John W. Albaugh has not as yet given to the public when the season will commence, nor is there any way of getting at it, so, therefore, things in regard to this house remain in the dark and in statu quo.

New Central Theatre: Is not completed as yet—that is, the alterations; but, when finished, this will be one of the neatest theatres in the city.

Front Street Theatre: Will open the season August 16, under the management of Dan Collyer and Dan Kelly. It will be run as a dramatic and variety theatre. This house has been a Jonah to every one since Mr. Sinn left it.

Items: Mrs. Caroline Richings-Bernard, Pierre Bernard, Amy Rogers, E. W. Hoff and Jos. Greensfelder have gone on a tour through the Southern States, singing the light opera of The Matrimonial Ladder. Mr. and Mrs. Bernard will reside in Richmond, Va., hereafter. The sales of THE MIRROR in this city treble those of the D——n.

Maine.

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BIDDEFORD.

City Hall: The performance by New Orleans Minstrels 21st, was an excellent one, and should have been greeted by a larger audience.

Massachusetts.

FITCHBURG.

Whitney's New Opera House: The work on this building has so far advanced that a brief description is in order. The structure is four stories high, marble front, with a frontage of 104 feet by 102 deep. There are five stores on the ground floor; the east half of the building above the stores will contain offices, box-office, and a large hall. The west half is the Opera House. The auditorium is 40 by 75, with a gallery on three sides. The front of the gallery is 36 feet deep. It is reached by an easy stairway, starting from the entrance to the auditorium. There are also two small galleries, one on each side of the house, running from the proscenium wall toward the centre of the house. The stage is 28 by 40, proscenium arch 28 by 38; on each side of the stage are two large rooms, to be used for furniture, properties, etc. On the east side are fourteen dressing-rooms, which will have all modern improvements. Seating capacity, including the four boxes, about 1,100, with standing-room for 400 more. There are five exits. The opening, it is hoped, will take place the latter part of September.

HAVERHILL.

Our local manager, J. F. West, is making preparations for the coming season. He promises great attractions for his Ninth Annual Star Course of Entertainments. Charles Brickwood, banjoist and comedian of this city, left last week for New York, to join Washburn's Pavilion Show.

Missouri.

ST. LOUIS.

Uhrig's Cave: The engagement of Charles Rogers and Mattie Vickers commenced 18th, to an immense audience. Mr. Rogers is an old favorite here, having been for several seasons the comedian of DeBar's co., and afterward gained a large clientele on the variety stage. Mattie Vickers is beyond question one of the best soubrettes on the American stage, and, as a jokist remarked, "they are a good pair to draw (to)." Their co. is a good one, and holds several clever specialists. The farce of Love in Livery opened the entertainment, Mr. Rogers doing a clever bit of comedy as Paul. In the afterpiece, The Players, Mr. Rogers took a character of the "Crushed" order, and gave some clever imitations of Jefferson, Booth, Edwin Adams, Stuart Robson, etc. Miss Vickers is a young lady of the bouncing order, and did some Irish, French and German dialect business cleverly. Her imitations of Joe Emmet and Aimee were particularly fine. Archie Boyd and C. M. Collins rendered good aid, the latter giving a pathetic recitation with much power, and singing several comic songs in neat style. Bida Vickers did some first-class eccentric female comedy and danced very gracefully. Emma Duchaten, a very handsome young lady, sang several numbers very sweetly and acted with great vivacity. The attendance during the week was very large indeed. Sunday, 25th, Abbey and Hickey's Spanish Students put in an appearance, and a big week's business is looked for.

Pickwick Theatre: This establishment closed again 17th, and has remained so. Mr. Jennings has arrived here and will assume control, Manager Phillips in the meantime having gone to New York to secure attractions.

Thalia Theatre: On Sunday evening Louis Nathal took a benefit, The Chimes of Normandy being given, with the beneficiare as the Marquis, Henri Laurent as Jean, C. H. Cluett as Gaspard, L. Daniels as the Baillie, Blanche Corelli as Serpolette, and Louise Lester as Germaine. It was an excellent performance throughout, and was repeated during the week, Messrs. Nathal and Cluett, however, changing places in the cast. On Thursday night Miss Corelli took a benefit to a good audience, little Tillie Chambers, the child prodigy, assisting. Fatinitza is underlined.

Miscellaneous: The engagement of Bernhardt by Manager Norton is regarded as a good thing for the Opera House—puts in a week in February.

Messrs. George S. Weeks, James Vincent, William Luard, and Miss Rocca Morelli left for New York on Tuesday last, together with W. Taylor. They were all members of the disbanded Nathal Opera co. W. D. Turner, a worthy and popular gentleman, who has been summering in St. Louis, left for New York on the 21st. His friends wish him good luck in all he undertakes.—Charlotte Hutchings, the dashing contralto, became a supreme favorite in St. Louis during her connection with the Pickwick Theatre. She sang solos during the concert series of the St. Louis Orchestra, and received very warm plaudits for her efforts.—George McManus has hit a good streak with his Camera Obscura, and will amuse passers-by on Washington avenue until the season sets in and he resumes his old seat as treasurer at the Opera House. The buxom George manages to get a good deal of fun out of the passers-by, the colored race especially being much mystified at the apparatus.—Manager Charles Pope has engaged Ernest Albert as scenic artist for next season.—Noxon, Halley & Toomey are the busiest scenic firm in the land; at present they are engaged on the frescoing of the Opera House at Leavenworth, and will provide the new theatre at Indianapolis, under Mr. English's management, and the Burtis Opera House at Davenport, Ia., with new sets and drop-curtains—all of this in addition to several local jobs upon which they are engaged, and all to be finished before they open on their duties for the Olympic and Opera House.—The work is hot and heavy, but they are literally "a knock-down o' talent," as Sam Weller expresses it, and they will get through with it.—Prof. Vogel conducts at both the Olympic and Opera House next

season.—Prof. Louis Mayer is gathering about him one of the finest orchestras in the country, and the Tuesday and Friday night concerts at Schnaider's Garden draw large crowds. He is to all intents and purposes the coming leader in St. Louis.—The Republican of July 23 says that Daniel K. Russell, a one-time popular comedian, is in town stricken down with paralysis and in a partially demented condition. At one time he was "on terms" with Adah Isaacs Menken, and was reported to have been married to her. Of late he has been cared for by Frank Angelo, who formerly led the orchestra at Russell's theatre in Kansas City. His history is a curious instance of the ups and downs of life.—The Globe will open for the Fall and Winter season Saturday evening July 24. Full particulars in next.—The Uhrig's Cave co. arrived back from Cincinnati on Monday last, and reported good success in the city of porcine stability.—Gen. Haskall, the chief priest of the Salvation Army, now giving services in this vicinity, was an old-time sleight-of-hand performer, and is known to the profession. He and his Army recently visited the saloon of A. & P. Antonio, under Hurst's Hotel, and gave a religious service for their benefit and that of their customers.—Barnum is billing the town heavily for a season commencing August 30. In the meantime Batchelor's circus may put in a brief season.—Dr. George Kane, the best known veteran showman, journalist and agent in the United States, is in town, and his friends are delighted to see him. Few men have the same companionable powers as the Doctor, and he can always gather a delighted audience about him.

ST. JOSEPH.

Tootle's Opera House: Booked—Ward' Minstrels August 7 and 9. Arthur McKnight has leased the house for one week, commencing Sept. 6 (Fair week), during which time he will present his Naiad Queen. He put this on here June 8 to 12 with immense success, utilizing over two hundred of our children, with very good spectacular effect.

Apollo Garden: Departures—Phillips Bros., Nina Bach and Gracie Sherwood, to Kansas City; Charles Mason, to Springfield, Ill. Opening 26th: Mons. Leo, Miss Conchito Leo, Cary Sisters, Cassidy and West, Neoskleata and Lillie Leona. Business is good, show ditto. Messrs. Fredericks, Howard and Alton (present proprietors) will open the Comique Sept. 4 with a good variety company for the Winter season. I predict a success.

New Ulm Garden: The establishment of this (variety) theatre is a recent departure I have not as yet reported, because I wanted to see how thick the shell was, but it seems to have considerable backbone to it. They have this week Rose Dumont, Ella Marion, Krona Carroll, Billy Stanford, John May, Joe Russell and Johnny Smith—the whole under the management of J. M. Essington.

HANNIBAL.

17th, Adam's Pantomime troupe closed the amusement season with crowded house. The prospects for a new opera house are flattering.

Minnesota.

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ST. PAUL.

Opera House: Nothing booked for present week; house closed for a short time.

Item: E. A. McDowell and co. on their return from Winnipeg passed through St. Paul 18th, en route for the East, having concluded a highly satisfactory and profitable engagement of several weeks.

Michigan.

DETROIT.

Both opera houses are dark and dull inside, and no signs of either "lighting up" for some time to come. Beecher will lecture at Whitney's the coming week, but further than this no engagements are known. Tony Pastor was to have had his co. give an entertainment here 24th, but on finding out that a circus was to be here at the same time, he wisely canceled his date.

Items: Manager Whitney arrived home last Monday, and took your correspondent into his confidence enough to say that Lawrence Barrett was his opening attraction, and that everything was progressing finely toward a successful season. D. S. Amsden will be his assistant manager and general business man this year. A very wise choice, as Mr. Amsden has been well schooled in theatrical management both by Mr. Whitney and the late Tom Davey. I must confess feeling somewhat disappointed at not being enabled to welcome Edward Kidder back to this place, but as he is going to do the booking and general New York business for this house, one can rest assured this part will be well done.—I met Garry Hough at Bay City the present week. The old gentlemen, along with a party of Detroiters, was taking in the races in the afternoon, and the ducats of the log rollers in the evening, who took great pleasure in Our Bijah as performed by this co. George Common was also lending his presence to grace the occasion.—Charley Shaw, the genial treasurer of the Detroit, is getting his hair full of hay-seed at his home in Morpeth, Ont. Charley is the best "Kanuck" in this part of the country, and though the dollars fly at him by the hundreds through his little window, he always has a smile and "comp" for the paper.—Harry Kennedy, the ventriloquist, was in the city last week.—I called upon your Cleveland correspondent a week ago, and enjoyed a very pleasant chat concerning our friend, THE MIRROR. I found it the favorite in Cleveland as well as Detroit.

MUSKEGON.

Opera House: 19th, Tony Pastor's troupe took something over $600, and gave value received for every cent. Henry Ward Beecher will lecture 29th.

Item: S. E. Swanson of Cambridge, Ill., was taken into camp by one Harry Mann, manager of a so-called Herrmann comb., and induced to invest $100 in the show, accepting the exalted position of treasurer. The co. was made up of Chicago would be artists, and made their first stand in this city on the 17th, to empty benches. Mr. S. settled the bills and started with the co. for Whitehall, where they left their baggage. The treasurer has returned home a graduate of the show business.

GRAND RAPIDS.

Powers' Opera House: 20th, Tony Pastor's troupe appeared before an immense audience. Every seat in the house was occupied, and standing-room was at a premium long before the rise of the curtain. The co. is one of the best that Tony has ever brought here, and all the artists were well received in their several specialties.

Items: Smith's is closed.—Forepaugh's Circus comes 26th.—The total receipts of the Pastor engagement were about $700.—Harry Sanderson, the gentlemanly manager of Tony Pastor's co., will please accept my thanks for courtesies.

JACKSON.

Opera House (George W. Stevenson, lessee and manager): Tony Pastor's new co., to one of the largest audiences of the season. Since their last appearance here the co. has made a number of additions of first-class artists, and gave a very laughable and entertaining performance.

New Hampshire.

CONCORD.

White's Opera House: There is nothing doing here in theatrical matters, and but few attractions are booked for next season. Messrs. Thayer, Smith & Moulton, the managers of the New England Circuit, have secured the 1st, 20th and 29th of September. What the attractions to be offered to the public are, I am unable to state. Kate Claxton comes Sept. 2; Anthony and Ellis' Uncle Tom, Sept. 21; and D'Oyly Carte's Pirates of Penzance Oct. 1. Managers of other cos. are in correspondence with Manager Hobbs, but the foregoing are all the positive bookings to date.

Item: Frank Hayden, late of the Reeves Opera co., is here spending his vacation.

New York.

SYRACUSE.

Wieting Opera House (Philip H. Lehnen manager): The Syracuse Liederkranz, in honor of their twenty-fifth anniversary, gave a musical convention on the 18th (19th with matinee) and 20th. The Opera House was well filled at all performances. The soloists were: Herr Bersin, tenor, of New York; Herr Prehn, baritone, also of New York; Miss E. Gelhaar, soprano, of Syracuse, and Mrs. Sartori, contralto, of Rochester. The choral societies of Buffalo, Utica, Rochester and Syracuse, together with Mapleson Opera Company Orchestra, assisted. The noticeable portions of the concerts were: Rossini's "Cujus Animam," given by Herr Bersin, who has a high clear tenor, but rather reedy in the upper notes;" I Pescatori," a duet for tenor and baritone, which was beautifully gizen by Bersin and Prehn. Miss Gelhaar did admirably with Knecken's "Gute Nacht," while the contralto solo of Mme. Sartori was well and artistically given. It certainly is the first time we have ever heard a lady attempt to sing a composition for a baritone voice, and when, in answer to an encore, Mme. Sartori gave "The Heart Bowed Down," we were much surprised, yet it was an agreeable one. The concerts can be well called a great success.

Items: Prof. (?) Baldwin, manager of the ex-Baldwin Opera co., is in town.—Manager Lehnen has returned from New York, but he did not bring the bride which THE MIRROR led us to believe was to be with him. Phil has joined the ranks of newspaper correspondents, judging from a newsy letter published in one of our daily papers, and signed "P. H. L." The following are a few of the leading attractions secured by him: E. A. Sothern, Frank Mayo, Alice Harrison, Child of the State, Gus Williams, Hearts of Oak, Kate Claxton, Mrs. Scott-Siddons, Milton Nobles, Mahn's Comic Opera co., Tony Denier's Humpty Dumpty, Rice's Evangeline, Sol Smith Russell, Strakosch and Hess English Opera co., Bartley Campbell's Galley Slave co., the Tile Club, Will Edouin's Sparks co., Berger Family, Alice Oates, the Florences, Herrmann, Raymond, Golden Game comb, Frank Frayne, Blanche Roosevelt's Opera co., Nick Roberts' H. D. co., Barlow, Wilson, Primrose and West's Minstrels, Buffalo Bill, Leavitt's Grand English Burlesque co., Ada Cavendish, Lotta, Maggie Mitchell, Joe Emmet, John McCullough, Lawrence Barrett, Emma Abbott Opera co., Mary Anderson, Tourists, Haverly's, Widow Bedott, Georgia and Mastodon Minstrels, Ideal Opera co., Banker's Daughter, Salsbury's Troubadours, Agnes Leonard, Barney Macauley, Den Thompson, Tom Keene, the new tragic star; Fanny Davenport, Joe Murphy, Annie Pixley, Baker and Farron, George S. Knight, Fun on the Bristol, Add Ryman and his Flock of Geese, Pirates, My Partner, Hazel Kirke, and no end of others. The Sunday Courier says: "Manager Lehnen has opened negotiations for securing Mlle. Sara Bernhardt. It is likely that Manager Lehnen will be able to effect an engagement with this artiste, although we wish it to be clearly understood that this will not interfere with another engagement of a personal nature which our popular manager is said to have effected."—Wieting Opera House has been redecorated.—The Grand has added a large stock of scenery, and will have Tony Pastor's Co. on July 30. The formal opening for the season of 1880-81 is at Wieting, by Barlow, Wilson, Primrose and West's Minstrels, Aug. 21; at the Grand, Aug. 23 and 24, by the Union Square Theatre co., in The Banker's Daughter. Manager Lehnen will have the Ideal Opera co. and a Juvenile Fatimitza Co. under his charge next season.—O. T. Seymour of Barlow, Wilson, Primrose and West's, is rusticating here.—Darwin Trust, treasurer of the Opera Houses, leaves for the Thousand Islands next week.—Elmer D. Warner, of the Dramatic Institute, says he will reopen the Institute in September.—Mabel Estelle, of Downs and Kennedy's (Canadian) comb. is vititing her family here.—Under the head of "Dead Heads," the Syracuse Sunday Times "gives away" the "special correspondents" of dramatic papers. We respectfully refer the showman interviewed, and the reporter also to an article in regard to correspondents in THE MIRROR of two weeks ago.—London Circus Aug. 12.

ROCHESTER.

Grand Opera House: A benefit performance for Lewie McNish will be given 26th. A host of volunteer artists will appear, including the beneficiary's brother, Frank E. McNish, the well-known song-and-dance artist; the Leland Sisters, Rosa (Mrs. McNish) and Jennie, Jim Huver ("Big Jim") and his trained Siberian bloodhounds, Gildea and Clancy, cloggists.

Items: The Great London Circus will pitch tents August 18, and give two performances.—The bookings at the Grand for the coming season show some of the finest combinations on the road. Everything points toward an unsually brilliant dramatic season, such as our amusement goers have long and anxiously looked for, and we have reason to believe that our energetic and enterprising managers will reap a rich harvest. It is an undisputed fact that Rochester will heartily sustain "gilt-edge" talent, but picnic parties had better jump the burg.

POUGHKEEPSIE.

Theatre Comique (Bertrand & Venable proprietors): Attractions for the the week: Connie Lynch, Boyd and Healy, E. M. Thompson, Maggie LeClair, and May Vincent. Business very large.

Items: London Circus had immense business 21st.—E. B. Sweet, manager Collingwood Opera House, has put in new opera chairs, which is a decided improvement.

BATAVIA.

The Great Lordon Circus and Sanger's Royal British Menagerie have been advertised in a most thorough manner for Aug. 19. This is the first circus of the season, and will undoubtedly do an immense business. A good show could strike a bonanza by giving Batavia a call, as we have not had anything in the amusement line for several weeks past.

OSWEGO.

Academy of Music (W. B. Phelps manager): Nothing has been seen in the theatrical line since the last of May. Numerous first-class attractions are booked for the coming season.

Items: Cooper and Bailey's Great London Circus, etc., billed extensively for August 7.—Remenyi passed several days in this city the past week, the guest of the editor of the Palladium. He gave a private concert during his stay.

JAMESTOWN.

Allen's Opera House: 17th, the McGibeny Family appeared to fair house, and gave one of the most enjoyable entertainments we have had for some time. They remained in town over Sunday, giving Praise service in the evening. Nothing booked.

KINGSTON.

Sampson's Opera House (Phil Sampson manager): Callender's Georgia Minstrels performed 22d. Programme an improvement over that given on previous visit; fair house.

Music Hall (Cornelius Burhans manager): Callender's Georgia Minstrels performed to fair house 23d. Mme. Rentz's Female Minstrels booked for Sept. 30.

AUBURN.

The long fast in the amusement line in this city is to be broken by Tony Pastor's grand company, which will hold forth at the Academy of Music 29th.

New Jersey.

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NEWARK.

Waldmann's: This week Marie Duchon's Male and Female Minstrels, consisting of Frank George, John B. Wills, Frank Wills, J. E. Green, Ned Wambold, George Simmonds, Charles Langley, May Adams, Carrie Bower, Ella Stone, Etta May, Maggie Ferris, Mollie Waters, Josie Hammond, Jenny Galloway, Bettie Rose, and Mabel Butler.

North Carolina.

CHARLOTTE.

Charlotte Opera House (L. W. Sanders manager): The season of 1880-81 will open with good attractions about Sept. 1, and a glance at the list of attractions already booked assures us of the finest season we have yet had. Charlotte is situated on a direct line between the North and South, and all cos. going either way will have to pass through the place, and if any of them are doubtful about stopping, I can assure them that no good company need fear putting in at least one night with us.

Ohio.

CINCINNATI.

Highland House: Abbey & Hickey's Spanish Students, under the immediate supervision of J. G. Magle, have succeeded in drawing a series of audiences rarely seen at hill-top entertainments. The troupe "caught on," and the engagement, which terminates on August 1, will prove a success both artistically and financially.

People's Theatre: Under the cheap admission system this house is doing fairly. Nothing in the programme or performance worthy of extended notice.

Items: Manager R. E. J. Miles is in Chicago taking in the races, but will return early the coming week.—Charles H. King, the banjoist, closed an engagement at Gilmore's Garden, Indianapolis, on the 24th, and has returned to this city for a two weeks' rest.—Frank Mayo, in Van the Virginian, is booked for Henck's in September. Albertine Hall rejoins the Rice Evangeline co. August 9.—The opening date of the Grand is announced for Sept. 6, with Barney Macauley as the attraction.—Manager Frank M. Clark's party opened at Eaton on the 23d. The troupe rejoice in the lengthy appellation The Lillie Linden Excursionists.—Manager Miles' Juvenile party has returned from St. Louis, after a very successful engagement.—Pike's Opera House will reopen Sept. 6. The Harrisons will open the season.—The following is a list of the Coliseum stock co. the ensuing season: Joseph Winters, leading heavy; Robert Ferguson, comedian; James S. Edwards, character; Sidney Hicks, old man; Horace Cone, juvenile; F. W. Blanchard, second old man; Jennie Carroll, leading lady; Adelaide Eaton, heavy; Kate Edwards, soubrette. Ogden Stevens will do the leading juvenile business, and the utility will be apportioned among W. H. Blanchard, B. Alexander and Jennie Morgan. The season will begin August 14, one week earlier than anticipated. Power's Paragon Comedy co. will be the attraction in their new drama, The Willows, to be followed by Dr. Clyde. The troupe as announced is a strong one, comprising among others, W. H. Power, E. A. Locke, W. H. Leake and Jennie Yeamans.—Harry Ramforth, the comedian, left for New York on the 24th, and will, in all probability, engage with the Kiralfy Bros. for the coming season. The latter, with their spectacular combination, will open Robinson's Opera House Sept. 6.—Neil C. Kerr, business agent of the Zoo, arrived home on the 23d, after an extensive advertising tour in the South.—J. G. Magle, manager of the Students, has proved himself the right man in the right place.—Manager Snelbaker of the Vine Street Opera House promises an immense bill for the reopening, Aug. 21.—Harry Richmond, in Our Candidate, is announced as one of the Coliseum attractions during the coming season.—A new oratorio, entitled Israel, was produced in a very creditable manner at Westwood (one of our suburban towns) on the 22d. D. W. Miller of this city is the author. Harry Lewis is attending to Miles' interests in the absence of the latter.—Alice Oates has left the city.

COLUMBUS.

Combs, engaging during August may expect to play to good business, as that will be the busiest month of the year. The Soldiers and Sailors' Reunion, 9th to 12th, is to be a monster event and immense crowds are expected. Central Ohio Turnbezirk, 14th to 17th, will bring Germans from all parts of the State, and the State Fair, 30th to Sept. 3, will prove another great draw. Dates at Comstock's and the Grand are nearly all filled, and particulars will be given later. Harry G. Richmond does not present W. C. Hamilton's comedy, Judge Slasher; or, Circumstantial Evidence, and Mr. Hamilton was in town last week making arrangements to have a co. on the road with it early in the season. He expects to have things in working order early in August.

Items: Miss Mary Beebe is still at her home in this city, having come to attend the funeral of her father week before last.—E. T. Mithoff, proprietor of the Grand, with his charming daughter, Miss Mollie, have gone to Watch Hill, Rhode Island, for a Summer vacation.—"Our Jim" of the Clipper is at Yellow Springs this week, no doubt telling the Neff House waiters all about the workings of the New York Bowery while he was connected with it.—Theodore Comstock has been appointed trustee of the Central Asylum for Insane. This will leave most of the duties relative to the Opera House to devolve on his son Frank.—Col. Morris returned from an extended trip East 20th.—Irene Murdoch and sister are summering in New York.

SPRINGFIELD.

Black's Opera House (William C. Black proprietor): Closed. Nothing booked.

Items: The Midgets, composed of Gen. Mite and Gen. Charles R. Decker, closed a successful two weeks' engagement at No. 9 East Main street 17th. Their entertainments were patronized by our best citizens, and gave first-class satisfaction. They are in Mansfield, O., this week.—Burr Robbins' Circus and Menagerie show at South Charleston 26th.—Manager Harman Tyner is summering at the Neff House, Yellow Springs.—The work on Buck's Opera House is progressing finely. The season will open on or about Sept. 1.—Manager Kress, of the S. S. co., has our thanks for courtesies.—G. G. Grady's Anatomical Wonder was here three days the past week.—Dramatic doings quite dull.

DAYTON.

Memorial Pavilion (Soldiers' Home): 17th, the co. gave Cynthia; or, The Flowers of the Forest. The house was the largest of the season. By their careful study and excellent acting the co. gains new admirers at every performance. The bill for this week is: 20th, Cast Up by the Sea and Maria Rose; 21st, Lucretia Borgia and Box and Cox; 22d, The Golden Farmer and Irish Assurance; 24th, The Octoroon will be given with the full co. in the cast; 26th, Octoroon; 28th, Cynthia; 29th, Moll Pitcher; 31st, Leah the Forsaken.

Item: Billy Wolf, the old reliable billposter, returned on the 19th. He had been attending the meeting of The National Bill-Posters' Association at Chicago. He spoke very highly of the hospitality of his Chicago brethren.

CLEVELAND.

Opera House: Closed. Manager Hanna is engaging a brilliant array of attractions for the coming season.

Academy: Tony Pastor 26th and 27th.

Haltnorth's Garden: The Grand Concert announced for last Friday has been postponed until the 25th. The tri weekly concerts are still given.

Comique: An extra large co. has been engaged for Race week. One of the special features will be a grand wrestling match, 31st, for the championship of Ohio.

Items: Forepaugh's Circus comes August 5 and 6.—Your correspondent is indebted for many favors to THE MIRROR's genial Columbus representative, Mr. E. C. Staley, whom he has been visiting for the past ten days.

Pennsylvania.

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PHILADELPHIA.

Permanent Exhibition: On the 28th and 31st, Fatinitza receives its last representations by the Juvenile co. Pinafore is to be revived.

Alhambra: Charles A. Loder, Walter Phœnix, May Antonio, Ulm Sisters, and McPherson and O'Neil.

Mænnerchor: An attractive programme is offered for the present week. The management has every occasion to feel happy at the success of the present season so far.

Items: Mr. Louis Monroe is the new lessee of the New National. T. F. Kelly is engaged as manager. Season commences August 28.—John Jack and Annie Firmin are in the city, and open an engagement at the Park on August 16.—Harry Meredith begins an engagement at Wood's on August 4.—The old theatre—one-time opera house—on Seventh street is soon to be turned into stores.

WILKESBARRE.

Coup's United Monster Shows exhibited 22d, and gave a first-class performance. The tent used is very large, this being the first time it had been raised since the co. left Chicago, and it was literally packed both afternoon and evening; 7,922 tickets were sold in the afternoon, when it was found necessary to close the ticket-wagon, as the tent would not accommodate any more people. This, too, in the face of a very severe rain which continued until evening.

PITTSBURG.

Opera House—closed. Library Hall—closed. Williams' Academy—closed. Trimble's Standard—closed.

Items: Harry Eilsler has returned from the East and reports engagements made for the Opera House until March, 1881.—Lillian Spencer is at her home in this city, resting preparatory to her forthcoming engagement in New York.

POTTSVILLE.

Coup's United Shows have billed the town and surrounding country very extensively with the handsomest pictorial paper ever used by any similar exhibition through this section. 31st is the date.

Rhode Island.

PROVIDENCE.

All of our regular theatres, or opera houses, as they are styled, being closed for the Summer, let us take a trip down the Bay to Rocky Point, and see Fatinitza, as performed by the Hub Opera co., at the Coliseum, which, in connection with the large Summer Hotel, is managed by George Hackett of the Providence Opera House. I have frequently had occasion to mention the entertainments Mr. Hackett provides for his resident guests as well as for the excursionists, and there certainly is no more popular resort on the Bay than Rocky Point. The Hub Opera co. performed Fatinitza very creditably. Mrs. H. E. H. Carter gave the best impersonation of the Princess Lydia I have ever seen. Her voice, costumes, stage presence, acting, in fact, her entire performance, was very fine. Lizzie Burton has a good contralto voice, and was pleasing as Vladimir and Fatinitza. The others were very fair, and the chorus fine. This week Will Fessenden is especially engaged for the part of Julian the Reporter, and will add very much to the attractiveness of the opera.

Park Garden: It is often noticeable that upon the loss of an object its true merit is realized. So with the Ambassador's Daughter; as its last week was announced, requests came to the management for more of it; in consequence of which it will be given two nights of this week. 28th, Pinafore will be revived, with all the features that made it so attractive here last Summer, and with the following cast: Sir Joseph Porter, Walter Cushing; Capt. Corcoran, Mr. Daboll; Ralph, Charley Drew; Dick Deadeye, Stanley Felch; Boatswain, Louis Clarner; Boatswain's Mate, Richard Gorman; Josephine, Amy Gordon; Buttercup, Miss Coombs; Hebe, Mrs. Daboll. In the Pavilion Prof. Till will entertain with his Marionettes. Also Sullivan and Harrington in songs-and-dances. Prof. Boyton gives exhibitions in the lake of his life-saving apparatus, and August 2 the Haverly-Englehardt Pedestrian Tournament commences, in which Weston will try to beat his best record in a six days' race. Prof. Cook and his wonder-troupe of performing dogs, among which is Ponto, nicknamed "The Clown," and who seems almost human in his sagaciousness, closed two very successful weeks 24th. The Professor and his dogs are resting in New York until August 30, when he joins Prof. Hartz at Brockton, Mass.

Sans Souci Garden: Fatinitza still holds unbounded sway, and the highest praise is merited by the entire co.

NEWPORT.

Bull's Opera House (Henry Bull manager): Nothing in the line of amusements visited this city the past week, and there is nothing booked.

Vermont.

☞ Correspondents will please write on the envelope "Correspondence," when the contents are intended for this department.

BURLINGTON.

Howard Opera House (K. B. Walker manager): 20th, Henry Ward Beecher lectured on "The New Profession" to slim orchestra, empty balcony and gallery.

Virginia.

RICHMOND.

Theatre (William T. Powell manager): The improvements to the house, which were commenced last week, are being rapidly pushed forward. The whole interior will be remodeled, and when completed Richmond will have one of the finest and most convenient theatres in the South. The cost of the improvements will be nearly $10,000. The building will be ready for use Sept. 28, when the preliminary season will open.

Mozart Hall (Charles L. Seigle manager): Seigle's newly-organized opera troupe will open a Summer season on the 30th, appearing two nights. The Duchess, music by Pierre Bernard and libretto by Mrs. Richings-Bernard, and Victor Masse's Parisian success, Le Noces de Jeannette, will be presented. Dates ahead have not been definitely determined.

LYNCHBURG.

Coming: August 6 and 7, in opera, Caroline Richings-Bernard, with Pierre Bernard, Amy Rogers, Jos. Greenfelder and others. They play the various Summer resorts in the mountains during Midsummer.

Item: Mr. R. Dorsey, the agent for Daly's Arabian Night and Royal Middy cos., is in the city on a visit to his father-in-law, and also in the interest of the cos. which he represents.

Wisconsin.

MILWAUKEE.

Grand Opera House (Nunnemacher & Marsh lessees): J. D. Ward's Minstrels exposed themselves to ridicule 19th and 20th, to moderately filled houses. If they are traveling upon an "Eastern reputation," we should like to know where it was accorded them.

Items: 17th, after the matinee, H. B. Lonsdale, the gentlemanly manager of D'Oyly Carte's co. "C," was "chain ed" by Harry Standish, who was on the "watch" for him, at the instigation of his fellow members of the co. Mr. Lonsdale was completely "charm ed," and thanked them most heartily for their testimonial.—John Slensby, formerly manager of the Metropolitan, has organized a minstrel co., and is now up north in Michigan and Wisconsin. Will return here about Sept. 1 and open a first-class variety theatre, which is needed, and will pay if made comfortable and be agreeably located.—Rev. Dewitt Talmage wrote and canceled his engagement 31st. Will stop on his return trip from San Francisco.—Nothing billed at present.

MADISON.

Opera House: J. D. Ward's Minstrels came 22d to a small but appreciative audience. On account of some misunderstanding they were poorly billed and at a late hour. The co. has had considerable trouble lately, internal disagreements, etc. They have canceled all dates up to the 18th of August, when they expect to appear at Kansas City. The co. is to be reorganized and start afresh, when it is to be hoped they will work harmoniously.

RACINE.

Opera House (McFarland & Rusca managers): Undergoing much-needed repairs. Will remain closed until September.

Items: The Great Inter-Ocean Circus exhibited 23d. Did not fulfill expectations.—Forepaugh's Circus comes in August.

Canada.

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MONTREAL.

Theatre Royal: The past week was devoted to standard comedies, which were given rather well by the stock co.—London Assurance, Still Waters Run Deep, and All that Glitters, etc., being the pieces billed. On Friday George Ketchum had his benefit, and a good one it was, the house being full in all parts.

Academy of Music: Closed.

Item: Dominick Murray returns to the Royal for next week. Mr. Murray, by the way, has become greatly interested in a Mr. Harry Prince of Montreal, a gentleman who has shown considerable dramatic talent. Mr. Murray intends to push Prince's fortunes all he can, believing, as he does, that he will be a great success.

TORONTO.

Horticultural Gardens (A. Piton manager): D'Oyly Carte's Opera co., in the Pirates, visited this city for the first time 19th and week, to very large business. Co good. Nothing billed for next week.

HAMILTON.

Dundurn Park: 21st, the Popular Dime co. played Lost in London in first class style to a large audience. Messrs. H. Lane, Josh M. Chapman, Barry Harvey, and Adelaide Flint deserve special mention. Next week Fanchon.

Nova Scotia.

HALIFAX.

The Kittie Longee co. performed Rip Van Winkle on the 16th, Uncle Tom's Cabin 17th, Divorce 19th, Streets of New York 20th, Rip Van Winkle 21st, to full houses.

MADAME ACHILLE.

A Danseuse who Pirouetted Before Our Grandfathers in their Youth—The Turkish-Trowser Era of the Ballet—Shocked at the Crook.

"Mme. Achille is still living somewhere in New York," said a gentleman in Nassau street to a Herald reporter the other day.

"Mme. Achille! you don't say so," was the answer. "Why, she was at the Bowery Theatre when it first opened and disappeared from the stage more than fifty years ago."

"For all that she is living still," the gentleman said, "and if you want to see her you will find it no difficult matter to find her."

It was not so easy, however. The city directory throws no light on the subject, and the present generation of actors and dancers never heard of Mme. Achille. But she was in her day a favorite danseuse, the superior of Heloise, the equal of Hutin, the friend and associate, both on and off the stage, of Celeste. American dramatic literature is almost silent in regard to her, but in the playbills of the past her name is of frequent occurrence, and it was with a lively interest that the reporter thumbed a bundle of these precious documents previous to the interview which he contemplated with the venerable lady. Equipped with all the information which could be gathered from such sources and from books, the reporter bent his steps toward the house where he was told he could obtain information in regard to Mme. Achille.

"Mme. Achille, the dancer?" said the young gentleman, inquiringly, who opened the door. "I know Marie Achille used to teach dancing, but I never heard that she was ever on the stage."

He could not give any information, however, as to where she was to be found except that she lived somewhere in Twenty-first street. A homœopathic dose of the reporter's newly-acquired knowledge was imparted, and this had the effect of eliciting the gentleman's assistance. "Let me see," he said reflectively; "she owns a house in Clinton place, about three doors from Broadway. It is probable you could hear of her whereabouts by going there. I know that she is in the city at the present time and I hope you may be able to find her."

This clew led to the discovery of Mme. Achille's residence, No. 124 West Twenty-first street. "Her name isn't Asheel," said the reporter's informant, "but Fanny Azulia." Asheel or Azulia was all the same to the scribe, and he pronounced the name in his own way when he reached the house.

"Top floor, front room," was the laconic answer, and the reporter was left to find his own way to the apartment of the once famous but now forgotten artiste. The door was wide open, and the aged lady was reclining on a sofa at the other end of the room. She rose when she heard his knock. She stood as erect as a young girl of twenty and bowed gracefully and graciously, while she was evidently mystified at the meaning of the intrusion.

"I have come" the reporter said "to talk with you in regard to the theatre of the past—when you were yourself on the stage."

"It was a long time ago," she replied, with a quaint shrug of the shoulders. Evidently she was not inclined to be communicative on a subject which she has ignored for nearly half a century—a subject on which she seldom speaks even with the members of her own family.

"I know nothing of her theatrical life," said her daughter afterward. "If I ask her in regard to it she says she does not know."

Mme. Achille was born in Lyons, France, in 1797, and consequently she is now 83 years old. She married M. Achille, a dancer, early in life, and with him came to the United States in 1827. They appeared together at the Bowery in a grand pas de deux on the 1st of March, only a few weeks after the debut of Mlle. Hutin, who introduced the French style of dancing to the American public. When Hutin bounded on the Bowery stage February 7, 1827, her symmetrical proportions liberally displayed by the force of a bewildering pirouette, every lady in the lower tier of boxes immediately left the theatre, while the whole audience was crimsoned with shame. As a consequence Mme. Achille was compelled to adopt a pair of Turkish trousers, and it was in such a garb that she first showed her grace and agility to the theatre-goers of half a century ago.

"The prejudices of the old-time patrons of the stage were very strong," said the reporter after this episode had been discussed. Another significant shrug of the shoulders was the only answer.

"Do you know what became of Hutin?" the reporter asked.

Mme. Achille shook her head, saying "She married M. Labasse."

"You remember Mlle. Heloise, of course?" the reporter asked.

"Oh, yes," Mme. Achille answered. "I saw her a few years ago. I have not heard whether she is still living or not."

"And Mlle. Celeste?"

"I saw her in 1872, when I was last in Paris."

All of these dancers came to New York within a few weeks of each other, and it is not impossible that some of them, at least, owed more to the Turkish trousers than they were ever willing to acknowledge—it is even probable that it was because of this restriction, at which the modern playgoer cannot fail to laugh heartily, that Celeste became the best melodramatic actress of her age. They also had the effect of bringing the great dancers then in the country in conjunction on the same stage by compelling the managers to invent ballets of action for the display of terpsichorean art. The first of these was arranged by M. Achille, and was entitled "The Deserter." In this piece Hutin appeared as Louise and Mme. Achille as Jeannette. But a still more remarkable conjunction was in a ballet of the same kind, the work of M. Labasse, in which Celeste appeared as Getulbe, Heloise as Fatima, Hutin as Favorite and Mme. Achille as Kessie. When these pieces were recalled to Mme. Achille's recollection she remembered them but very faintly.

"They must have been played at the Bowery," she said, "the theatre that was burned soon after it opened."

"Do you remember appearing at the Chatham Theatre for the benefit of Mrs. Gilfert?" the reporter inquired. The old lady shook her head doubtfully, but after considerable effort recalled the beneficiary as the impoverished widow of the unfortunate manager of the first Bowery Theatre. Following this theme was the first voluntary information which Mme. Achille afforded in regard to the past.

"My principal experience on the stage," she said, "was with Mme. Vestris. I was Cherubin and she Susanne. We traveled together. That was in 1829."

It was impossible to induce the aged danseuse to be more specific. The Mme. Vestris referred to was Mme. Rouzi Vestris, whose son Armand Vestris, the most popular dancer of his day, gave his name to that more celebrated Mme. Vestris, who a few years later became the most noted ornament of the English stage. The second Mme. Vestris and Mme. Achille were born in the same year.

"When did you retire from the stage?" the reporter asked.

"In 1836," was the answer.

"Were you ever at the Richmond Hill Theatre?'

"Where was that?"

"In Varick street."

"Varick street?"

"Yes. At the place once owned by Aaron Burr."

It was evident Mme. Achille did not comprehend.

"He was once the husband of Mme. Jumel," the reporter said by way of explanation.

"Mme. Jumel? I knew her. I do not know what became of her."

Mr. Ireland says in his "Records of the New York Stage" that Mme. Achille's last appearance was at Richmond Hill, in 1832, but it will be observed that she cannot even remember the name of the theatre.

"After you left the stage what did you do?"

"I taught dancing."

"Where?"

"In Walker street."

"When did you give up teaching?"

"In 1848."

"Somebody, in writing about you in a book, says you returned to Europe.'

"So I did several times, but I always came back again."

"I was told you saw The Black Crook at Niblo's a few years ago. How does the modern ballet compare with the dancing in your day?"

"I have not been in a theatre for forty years."

This brought the interview to a close and the reporter retired. His bow on taking leave was responded to with a simplicity and grace that a modern New York belle could scarcely equal, and with him he bore away an image of the sprightly old lady which he can never forget. Old as she is the traces of her girlish beauty still remain. Half a century ago she must have been bewitching indeed. Mme. Achille accompanied the reporter to the head of the stairway, but she evinced no interest in what he might say of her, for she remarked:

"I never read the newspapers."

"How is this?" said the reporter afterward to his original informant. "Mme. Achille says she never saw The Black Crook."

"You saw her then?"

"Yes."

"She forgets. I took her myself, and she was very much surprised indeed. I cannot describe her amazement over the changes which had taken place in the public taste since she was on the stage. I remember that she spoke of the trousers which she wore, and that she was horrified at the drapery of this age. She was a very vigorous and active old lady at that time; but it may be that her memory has since become impaired. I have not seen her for several years, but at one time I knew her very well. I was a pupil of hers when she taught dancing in this city; and although forgotten by the present generation, she was well known and very popular then. Her husband, I have heard it said, was the best male dancer ever seen in America at the time of his appearance, and she was scarcely less accomplished. A great favorite on the stage, she afterward became the pet of the New York society, and most of the gentlemen of my age owe their ballroom agility to her instructions. Mme. Achille was always esteemed as a very worthy little woman, and many of her old pupils will be pleased to learn that she still lives and has been able to retain her faculties."

Mme. Achilles resides with her daughter, and she has besides another daughter and a son, whose home is in New Jersey. Her health has always been excellent, and in spite of her age she is still as quick, active, energetic and vigorous as many persons who are thirty years her junior.

Contemporaries of Portia.—About the date when The Merchant of Venice may be suspected to have exhibited his gaberdine on the Rialto, there actually existed great female lawyers in the neighboring city of Bologna. Prof. Caldermi, who held the Chair of Jurisprudence in that university in 1360, and Prof. Novella, who occupied it in 1366, were not only celebrated for their legal lore and skill, but, if we may trust their portraits, exceedingly beautiful women, with noble Greek profiles. If women hereafter should again obtain entrance into the legal profession, it is not at all improbable that we may see something more of the keenness of feminine wits engaged in disentangling the knots of law. Two ladies in Ireland have just been conducting their own intricate case in a manner which excited the surprise of the Master of the Rolls, who even observed that he was "astonished that the ladies had been able to put their case on paper so intelligently and clearly without legal advice."

Lengthened Sweetness.—I see that a Mr. Gastaldoni of Vincenza, says the Roman correspondent of the American Register, has invented a new pianoforte, which can make the sound of each key last as long as the player wishes, just like a violin, flute, or any instrument, violin or not. And yet it is not an organ, but only a pianoforte. Liszt, Rubinstein and other great pianists are quite enthusiastic over this invention, and say that quite a new era in pianoforte playing begins with it. The Government, also, and the Royal family are encouraging the inventor, though I expect he will have to go to England and America with it if he wishes to make any profit by it during his life. There would be plenty of inventors in Italy if there were more encouragement for them.

Haverly's Enterprises netted over $250,000 last season—from June to June. With the exception of two or three circus men, Haverly is the richest amusement manager in the country. He has over a quarter of a million invested in one county in Colorado.

REMINISCENCES OF OPERA.

NUMBER TWO.

Mme. Rudersdorff—The Son of a Pugilist as a Tenor—A Cork Audience—Some Failures and Some Successes in English Operatic Management.

In my first paper I mentioned my return to England. Just as the "late only peasantress" began, I joined an English Opera company under the baton of the celebrated composer, Signor Randegger, and the management of Mr. Frederick Burgess (now of Moore & Burgess' Christy Minstrels, St. James Hall, London). We opened at the old Theatre Royal, Bristol, with Mme. Rudersdorff (now in this country), prima-donna; Miss Fanny Reeves (Mrs. Elliot Galer), contralto; Mr. Elliot Galer, tenor; Mr. John Manley, second tenor; Mr. Patey, baritone; Mr. Tempest, basso; and an excellent picked chorus from Covent Garden (which had just closed its season), among whom was the present Mr. Edward Connell, the baritone, now in this country. The company opened in Lucrezia Borgia, in which character Mme. Rudersdorff was famous. It was the first time I had an opportunity of hearing this splendid singer, who was, like the lamented Parepa-Rosa, of exceeding stout proportions. She was a very excellent actress, and as graceful in her manner as could be desired. Her voice was a pure soprano of fine compass and flexibility, and she was in every respect a finished artiste. Mr. Elliott Galer possessed a very sweet tenor voice, of about the same quality and compass as our own Brignoli. He was also a fair actor, but he had a peculiar mannerism of making a queer face, when attacking a high note, which invariably caused a smile. Still, he was a very acceptable singer, and was fairly successful. His wife (Miss Reeves, who is in no way related to the eminent tenor of that name) was a fine contralto, a very charming lady, a good singer and clever actress. Mr. Patey was the son of a clergyman in the south of England, was a very good baritone, and a very estimable gentleman. He has since been more intimately associated with oratorio and society concerts, in which he has made some reputation. The company produced Lucrezia Borgia mentioned above, together with Fra Diavola, The Bohemian Girl, Norma (in which Rudersdorff was particularly fine), The Barber of Seville, Maritana, and some others.

Apropos of Rudersdorff, a funny incident occurred just after this occasion, which may be worth mentioning. Randegger's company, of whom Rudersdorff was the prima-donna, had arranged to open in Cork, Ireland, as was customary once a year for several seasons; but by some mistake on the part of the management the engagement of the tenor was overlooked until nearly the last moment, and they were obliged to engage a diminutive gentleman, known as Mr. W. Winter (not our esteemed friend of the Tribune, but a son of the celebrated Tom Spring of fistic fame). He had studied for the operatic stage, and possessed a voice which, though of excellent musical quality, was as diminutive in power as the tenor was in physical proportions. Nevertheless he was the only resource, and the company in due time arrived in Cork. The opening opera was Il Trovatore. Now the Cork audiences were very fond of music, as Irishmen generally are, and were pretty well versed in the requirements of operatic artistes, and were withal prepossessed in favor of the company in question—Rudersdorff being immensely popular. The first act passed off all right, and the usual free-and-easy was set a-going by the Collegians in the upper tiers. By the way, I will have to explain this part to my readers, as no doubt it will be rather vague as to what a free-and-easy in a theatre means. Upon the fall of the curtain at the end of each act it was customary at the Theatre Royal, Cork, to open a free-and-easy among the audience of the upper tiers, to the intense delight oftentimes of the lower boxes. These "sing songs" among themselves were conducted with the utmost decorum and seriousness, and woe betide any interruption. It was usually begun thus: Some one would call out, "Phil Maginnis, ye're chairman for to night!" "Faith, thin, I won't be, Dennis; I've a terrible cold." "Och! the divil take yer cold, thin. Terry, give him a taste of yer poteen an' wet his whistle." A slight pause, when a smacking of lips would be heard, and a voice would proclaim, "Dennis, he's all right now." "Order, then, all of yees," and Dennis would pour forth a song, oftentimes of a very melodious character, but which invariably ended with a rollicking chorus, in which the whole of the boys would join. It was no use "giving the bell" upon the stage until the song was finished, and sometimes, when the singer was particularly successful, an encore was demanded. At the conclusion the signal for raising the curtain might be given, and the boys would be as quiet as mice, and as attentive to the entertainment as could be desired.

The night in question, the usual preliminaries were gone through with, and the audience seemed much pleased with the opera, though an occasional titter was indulged in when Mr. Winter made his appearance; but was instantly suppressed from a desire to hear the then new music of Verdi, and out of regard to Rudersdorff. But when a certain selection was reached, and had been sung about half through, the proverbial humor of Pat could stand it no longer. As little Winter was pouring forth his love strains in a pretty but puny attempt, to the magnificent form of the prima-donna, and the house was as hushed as night, a voice in a fearfully distinct stage whisper called from one side of the upper tier to the other: "Ah, thin, Micky, what is it? Is it that fellow singing, or is it the gas?" If a bomb had exploded, it could not have caused greater confusion. To continue the act was impossible, so the curtain had to be lowered, and the remainder omitted. The good humor of Irish audiences is proverbial, and they tolerated poor Mr. Winter during the remainder of the opera out of sheer respect to the prima-donna; so no further interuption occurred. But it was found necessary to telegraph for another tenor to continue the season, and Mr. Galer came to the rescue.

From this company another was formed, Rudersdorff retiring, and Miss Fanny Tiernan became the prima-donna. The season was a short one, but the troupe was reorganized by Mr. Elliott Galer, with the following company: Miss Fanny Tiernan, prima-donna; Miss Fanny Reeves, contralto; Mr. Elliott Galer, tenor; and Mr. Patey, baritone. This season was also of short duration, and a Mr. Edmund Rosenthal, a baritone, a pupil of Mrs. Galton, the mother of Susan Galton, who came to this country some few years ago with Mr. Whiffen, organized a company consisting of Mme. Haigh Dyer, prima-donna; Miss Allesandria, contralto; Mr. William Parkinson, tenor; with Mr. Rosenthal as the baritone. Herr Myer Lutz, a celebrated musician and organist for many years of St. George's Cathedral, London, was the conductor. This troupe was a very fine one, and the first to introduce the operas produced by the Pyne and Harrison troupe at Covent Garden to the English provinces. The repertoire consisted of Satanella, The Rose of Castile, Lurline, The Night Dancers (which had been so successful at Covent Garden under the Pym and Harrison management), in addition to the usual repertoire of Traviata, Il Trovatore, Bohemian Girl, Maritana, Fra Diavolo, Martha and Norma, to which was added Macfarren's Robin Hood. This fine repertoire scored for the management an immense success, and a long season was the result.

It may not be out of place to notice just here that Macfarren's Robin Hood, which is essentially of a thoroughly English character in its story and composition, and very faithfully and artistically constructed, is not entirely original in its music. The author has borrowed in several numbers from old English melodies, and adapted them to the requirements of the opera. For instance, the chorus in the fair scene, "How bright is the day and how gay is the throgn," is the melody of no less a person than our well-known Billy Barlow, a comic song sung by the late Sam Cowell (father of the charming soubrette, Sidney Cowell); while the trio, "A good fat deer makes lusty cheer," is no less than "The Rat-Catcher's Daughter," also sung by Sam Cowell. The tenor song of the opera, which became quite popular, "My own my guiding star," is no other than Godfrey's song in the introduction of Loder's Night Dancers, of "Laugh, my girls, and I'll laugh too"—with a simple change of tempo. Still, the opera was a success, and I am quite surprised that no one has thought of producing Robin Hood in America, as I feel quite certain it would prove a source of much pleasure and profit to the manager who would introduce it to an American audience. The opera is full of delicious morceaux and splendid finales for each act—notably, a quintette and chorus at the end of the first, and a charming madrigal, introduced and sung by Robin Hood's men, entitled "Now the sun is mounted high." Fine bravura songs for the tenor run through the opera, while the piece is replete with humor in the hands of the Friar, allotted to the basso.

The production of Robin Hood at Her Majesty's Theatre in the Haymarket, under the management of Mr. E. T. Smith (a famous manager of many enterprises in his day), was a great success, and embraced the names of Mme. Sherrington, prima-donna; Sims Reeves, Charles Santley, William Parkinson, and the late Tom Bartleman, while the choruses were rendered by a corps of the best voices London could produce.

H. W. Ellis.

Agnes Leonard's Divorce.

[Brooklyn Eagle.]

A decree of absolute divorce has been granted in favor of Alice Lagrove against William Alonzo Paul Lagrove. The parties are well known in this city, and the suit is in the Supreme Court of Kings County. The plaintiff and her mother were in attendance, but the defendant did not appear in person.

The mother of the plaintiff, an elderly, ladylike person, evidently of education and refinement, was examined. She is understood to have been a very intimate friend of the late Mr. Singer, of sewing machine celebrity. She said that her daughter was married to the defendant on July 14, 1875, at Paignton, Devonshire, England. The plaintiff first became acquainted with the defendant in Brooklyn, in 1873. In 1875 she visited some friends in England and defendant followed her thither. They were married as already stated, and one child, Eugene Jean Paul Lagrove, now four years old, was the result of the union. After the birth of the child, plaintiff and her husband and mother were residing at Ealing, near London, England. The mother and daughter occupied the same room. The plaintiff had in her employ a nurse named Martha White, a comely woman about 30. On one occasion, about midnight, plaintiff and her mother heard the defendant go to the nursery. He knocked at the door and they heard the nurse ask, "What do you want?"

"I wish to come in," was the reply.

"I have the baby in my charge and cannot let you in," was the answer.

The next morning plaintiff's mother told the defendant what she had heard and asked him what he was doing at the nursery at such a late hour.

"I spilled some ink on my pantaloons," was his explanation, "and I wanted nurse to wipe it off."

"It is a pretty time of night," his mother-in-law replied, "for you to spill ink on your pantaloons and to seek the services of a domestic to remove the stain."

At the time he gave this explanation, he wore the same pantaloons which he did the night before, and there was no sign of an ink-stain upon them. A few days afterward, plaintiff's mother went to the nursery very early in the morning. She opened the door without ceremony and found the defendant there in a very light costume. The nurse turned her back and both seemed confused.

"Why, Paul," the mother-in-law exclaimed, "you here at this hour and in this condition!"

"I am only waiting for the baby to wake up," said he, with as cool an air as he could assume.

The baby at this time was sound asleep in its crib. A few mornings later the plaintiff's mother again went to the nursery, and found the defendant there and in a similar state of undress. As he saw her enter he sat down on a trunk and the nurse looked out of the window.

"What are you doing here, Paul?" his mother-in-law asked.

"I am waiting for the baby to wake up," he replied.

"You seem to take a very remarkable interest in the baby early in the morning," she retorted.

On her quitting the nursery she told her daughter what she had seen, and on the defendant's coming down to breakfast both of them reproached him for his conduct. The next day the plaintiff and her mother quitted Ealing, leaving the defendant behind, and went to Paris. The testimony further showed that while at Ealing he was accustomed to go out with the nurse when she took the baby for an airing, and that they often remained away from home for three, four and even five hours at a time. The plaintiff testified to the marriage and the birth of the child. She said she was perfectly able to maintain the child, and that her husband had no means and had never supported either her or their offspring.

The referee reported in favor of the plaintiff, and a decree of divorce absolute has been entered.

The plaintiff is an exceedingly beautiful and accomplished lady of about twenty-four years. She has achieved unbounded success on the stage both here and in Europe, and is best known as Miss Agnes Leonard. A fine portrait of her adorned the first page of the New York Mirror of July 3. Respecting her that paper says: "We present a picture of Miss Agnes Leonard this week, whose handsome face bears out all the complimentary things that have been said about her beauty."

The plaintiff is said to be a model mother and daughter. Her character is stainless and her amiability and gentleness are said to win the love of all who come in contact with her. She is passing the Summer at the George Hotel, Bridgeport.

SIFTINGS OF THE MAILS.

THE "FLYING DANCE."

Editor New York Mirror:

Dear Sir:—I beg to call your attention to a theatrical swindle, which I believe is about to be practiced upon the American public by unprincipled persons, who are to be found in every city, giving base and unworthy imitations of a legitimate success, and copying the titles and advertisements of a recognized novelty, with the intention to rob and deceive the public.

I am the sole proprietor of the performance of Æneas and Ariel, the Flying Dancers, which was originally produced by Æneas at the Gaiety Theatre, London, and have settled an engagement with Messrs. Tompkins and Hill of the Boston Theatre for the appearance of Ariel, and this will be the only artiste who will appear in America under my authority, and who can perform the "Flying Dance," as represented by her over 200 nights at the Canterbury Theatre, London.

Although I am the inventor and patentee of all gymnastic apparatus and jumping-appliances used by Mr. George Oliver since 1875, I beg to inform you that I have not disposed of any of my right of the "Flying Dance" to this or any other person, it being an entirely different performance and invention to that produced by my apparatus, and by Mr. G. Conquest (which is the professional name of Mr. G. Oliver) and his family. And any imitation of the "Flying Dance," or any advertisement of same, except under Messrs. Tompkins and Hill's direction, will be a deception to the public. Yours, very respectfully,

W. P. Dando.

Theatre du Chatelet,
Paris, July 7, 1880.

BILLY SWEATNAM'S GOOD BYE.

Editor New York Mirror:

Dear Sir:—I drop the following, as I had not time to call. Myself and wife leave for Australia this evening, via San Francisco. I leave my best wishes behind for your success.

Your friend, Billy Sweatnam.

July 10, 1880.

A CORRECTION BY MR. STEIN.

Editor New York Mirror:

Dear Sir:—Speaking of George Holland's production of Our Gentlemen Friends, your Chicago correspondent says: "The piece is an adaptation, by some person unknown, of Rossini's 'O diese Mænner.'"

Allow me to state that Rossini, the great Italian composer, is in no way responsible for the play in question, but that Our Gentlemen Friends is a very liberal adaptation, by Sydney Gross and myself, of a comedy written by Nicolaus Duffek, better known under his nom de plume of "Julius Rosen." I am, very respectfully, yours, Adolph Stein.

Philadelphia, July 17, 1880.

MR. BEAVEN'S REQUEST GRANTED.

To the Editor of the Mirror will you be kind Enough to give us an notice in this weeks paper. I open the season with the Vogrich concert company at opera House Newport R. I. on Aug 9th one concert there only under the management of Alfred Beaven.

New York July 20-80.

MAY FISK ON FEMALE WRESTLERS.

Editor New York Mirror:

Dear Sir:—Your St. Louis correspondent falsely says that Marcia and Alb did not receive their salaries. I can refer to Treasurer Noxon, Theatre Comique, St. Louis, that they received the greater portion in advance. They received all but two nights' salary, which I forfeited them for their drunken and disgraceful conduct at Alton, Ill. They were there mobbed for their conduct by the indignant citizens.

The other members of the company were unmolested, and I dispensed with the services of Marcia and Alb at once. I join with Manager Edwards of Nashville in pronouncing them drunkards.

Respectfully, May Fisk.

Chicago, July 12, 1880

The Leading Dramatic Newspaper.

[Kingston (N. Y.) Daily Freeman.]

The New York Mirror is the leading dramatic newspaper in America; it has the largest circulation and is accepted as authority in all matters dramatic and musical. Its editorials and local matter are crisp, sparkling and to the point, displaying ability and fairness in all its criticisms. Its correspondence extends all over the States, the British provinces and Europe. It employs a correspondent in Kingston who understands his business, and being a good critic, is therefore unbiased in his opinions.

NEW YORK MIRROR

FOUNDED IN 1822 BY GEORGE P. MORRIS AND N. P. WILLIS.

THE ACCREDITED ORGAN OF THE THEATRICAL MANAGERS AND THE ONLY EXCLUSIVELY DRAMATIC NEWSPAPER IN AMERICA.

HARRISON GREY FISKE,
EDITOR.

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NEW YORK, JULY 31, 1880.

Mirror Letter-List.

Members of the Profession may register their names and addresses and have their mail matter forwarded daily, free of charge, avoiding delay. Only such letters are advertised as require stamps, or where the address is unknown.

A. O. Mrs.	Keene, Thos. W.
Allyne, E. T. J.	Levanion, Alfred
Abbey, H. E.	Leonard, John J.
Aldrich, Louis (2)	Lotta.
Anderson, J. K.	Long, J. N.
Atwood, C. T.	Lawrence, A.
Bonner, Robert	Macauley, B.
Brand, Michael	Mayer, M. R.
Barrett, Lawrence (4)	Mackay, F. F. (2)
Benitz, John J.	McCullough, John
Belden, Clara	Murray, John
Blanchett, C. E.	Murphy, Joseph
Boissert, M. Armand	Mitchell, Maggie (2)
Carroll, J. W. (2)	McKay, Andy
Cavendish, Ada	McDonough, John E.
Campbell, Bartley (2)	Montgomery, Mr.
Clay, Celia (2)	Morton, Charles
Chapman, Frank	Neilson, A.
Crouse, C. J.	Nelson, W. B.
Clark, Lillian C.	Ogden, Josh.
Chandos, Alice	Putnam, Katie.
Church, Edw. A.	Pixley, Annie (2)
Comley & Bartin.	Pratt, C. H.
Clarke, Harry	Palmer, Will.
Dobson, Frank	Raymond, J. T. (2)
De Castro, M.	Robson & Crane.
De Estes, Helen	Robinson, Fred.
Dunn, Julia E.	Rigby, James
Emmet, J. K.	Rosenberg, Charles
Ellis, J.	Roberts, Richard E.
Fuller, George F.	Rosenfeld, S.
Florence, W. J.	Rodney, Addie
Fitch, Florence	Reade, Eleanor
Fowler, W. W.	Rice, E. E.
Gayler, Frank C. (2)	Slavin, Mr.
Grau & Wolfsohn	Scott, Lester F,
Goodwin, Nat	Sothern, E. A.
Garthwaite, Fannie	Spiller, Robert (2)
Gillette, Will.	Saville, J.
Gildersleeve, Clara	Temple, Louise (3)
Hall, Clinton.	Ulmer, G. T.
Hill, J. M. (2)	Vernon, Philip.
Hofele, F. W. (2)	Vincent, Helen.
Howard, John	West, Eva (2)
Ingraham, P.	Weber, Sophie
Jackson, Minnie	Warner, J. F.
Jefferson, Chas. (2)	Webb, Harriet.
Jarrett, H. C. (3)	Williams Roger D.
Kenyon, Lida	Wing, Charles A.
Krause, Christian	Wilton, George
Keys, Col.	Zimmerman, Ed.
Keyes, D.	

Madison Square Theatre.
OPEN ALL THE YEAR ROUND.
STEELE MACKAYE.....Manager
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SEVENTH MONTH OF HAZEL KIRKE.

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL PLAY EVER PRODUCED IN AMERICA.

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Corner of 14th Street and 6th Ave.

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First appearance in this country of the well-known Australian artists,

THE STEWARTS,

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OPEN ALL THE YEAR ROUND.
MRS. PAUL FALK.....Proprietress.
WM. T. GIESELBERG.....Manager.
S. S. SANFORD.....Stage Manager.
Strictly first-class VARIETY talent in all branches. None other accepted after first night. Business must be sent in a few days in advance. All aerial artists must have a net.

The New York Mirror has the Largest Dramatic Circulation in America.

THE NEW YORK MIRROR is on sale every Thursday noon at all the news stands in this city, and in out-of-town places as soon thereafter as can be reached by mail and express.

American Plays for Next Season.

It is, of course, the ambition of every manager to produce successful plays, because, without them, he would obviously soon cease to be a manager. But, next to this necessary ambition, every manager in this country ought to be most proud of producing successful American plays. To fill his treasury, so that he may pay his way and make a fair profit, if not a fortune, is his first object; but if he can do this while assisting to develop and encourage American dramatists, his prosperity ought to be doubly pleasant. Up to a very recent period the practical objection to American plays has been that they did not pay the manager. Wallack, himself an Englishman, and altogether governed by English precedents and usages, has been the foremost to raise this objection. The money made at his theatre has been made out of English plays. Every time he has deviated from his English programme and tried an American piece he has lost money, and loudly trumpeted his losses as an argument against the American drama. It seemed useless to answer him by stating that one reason why American plays were failures in his hands is that he always insisted upon altering and changing such plays to something like his favorite English models, although every dramatist who has ever had anything to do with Manager Wallack will bear us out in this statement. Equally useless was it to plead that if American plays had been treated by him with the same liberality and in the same spirit as English plays they would have been as successful. Manager Palmer of the Union Square presented a much better answer by showing that American plays, properly produced, would pay as well as the best English and French dramas. Other managers took this cue, and the American drama has not only revived, but has actually taken root upon English soil and is now popular in London. Manager Haverly demonstrated in dollars that light and bright American pieces would draw as well as the French plays which used to have a monopoly of these qualities. The Danites opened a new dramatic vein, which has panned out pure gold. John Brougham proved that an American burlesque could be appreciated even in England, where his Pocahontas became as successful as it was in this country. In every department of the drama, except Shakespearean tragedy, American talent has established itself by the solid arguments of the box-office, and those who affect to deny or ignore its value render themselves simply ridiculous.

Next season is to begin with a disappointment in regard to the American drama; but that disappointment will have so many compensations that we can afford to mention it and forget it. Mr. Bartley Campbell's Clio will be withdrawn from Niblo's Garden, where its production was promised, and this step, although taken by friendly agreement, to make room for other attractions, is equally regretted by the author and by Col. Haverly. However, that which is postponed is not lost. Harrigan and Hart will open their Theatre Comique with an American piece. Joe Emmet's Fritz in Ireland, which is to open the Grand Opera House, is a home production, and, although of no more literary merit than a pumpkin, is nevertheless popular and shows a soil upon which something better may grow, by and bye. Mr. Daly will open his elegant theatre with an American play. The opening bills at the Standard and the Park will be American comedies. Col. Haverly begins his regular season both at the Lyceum and the Fifth Avenue with burlettas by native dramatists. At the Madison Square, Mr. Mackaye's own play seems destined to a run of two hundred and odd nights, and whenever it is withdrawn another American play will follow. So, by a large majority, the metropolitan managers have already decided in favor of the American drama for the commencement of next season, and so good a beginning will probably have as good an ending. We admit that these American plays are not all of the highest class. They rank as good, bad and indifferent, like English plays and French plays, but, such as they are, they have been written here by our own dramatists and must be credited, according to their values, to the national account. Other things being equal, and the criticism of the box-office being the same in both cases, we consider a bad American piece as a little better than a bad foreign piece, and a good American play as far superior to a good foreign play. If we are to be paid a certain sum of money here in New York we had rather take it in American greenbacks than in English sovereigns or French francs. It does not require much patriotism upon the part of our managers to induce them to go with us as far as this point; and that is as far as we wish to lead them at present. In the course of time, we hope to advance our standard and carry the profession along with us to higher ground.

But the prospects of the American drama do not cease with the opening of the season. One of the principal events of the theatrical year will be the production, at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, by Miss Fanny Davenport, under the management of Col. Haverly, of a new play written expressly for her by Miss Anna Dickinson. Miss Davenport, the daughter of one of the greatest actors this country has produced, and an actor who was most happy when he was regarded as a representative American, is now the leading American female star. Miss Dickinson is a characteristically American writer, having won introduction to the public as the first female stump-speaker in a political campaign. When two clever ladies, each the best in her own specialty, put their heads together over an original play, the result is sure to be worth witnessing. The expectations of the dramatic, literary, critical and fashionable worlds are already excited, and the first night of Miss Davenport's appearance in Miss Dickinson's play, at the Fifth Avenue, will assemble an audience as remarkable as that which hailed the birth of the romantic drama, with Victor Hugo as the father, at the Theatre Francais. Another lady, Mrs. Henderson, the wife of the Standard manager, will also contribute a new play, The Moonshiners, to the original American dramas of next season, and the success of her dramatization, Almost a Life, shows that she will bring to the work an experienced and cultured taste. It is an open secret that at least one new American play is to be produced at the Union Square after the adaptation of Sardou's Daniel Rochat has had its run. Mr. Bartley Campbell has three new plays contracted for and ready for delivery. As for burlettas in the style of The Tourists, our advertising columns exhibit a large variety, all written in America for Americans. This light kind of dramatic literature may not be very important, critically considered, but it gives practice and confidence to the dramatists and it prepares the way for something greater. Our point is that, however light the work may be, it is better to have it done here than abroad, better to have it of our own growth than of foreign production. These little pieces made more money during the last season, and will make more next season, than comedies and dramas ten times as pretentious. It is a good sign to see Mrs. Alice Oates and other burlesque stars being fitted by American dramatists, instead of importing French furbelows and English frippery. For the first time in the history of the drama, nine-tenths of the entertainments that start out at the opening of the season will be of American manufacture—and that is a solid fact of more practical value in deciding upon the future of the American drama than a thousand articles critically discussing the comparative merits of this or that new American play.

The Gay Lothairs of the Critical Press.

When an aspiring actress and authoress, like Miss Minnie Cummings, has as her managers and agents such old hands as Paul Nicholson, who used to belong to the World, and Ikey Reed of the Mercury, sensible people look upon her letters complaining of the critics with an eye of suspicion. Are these, they curiously inquire, really the passionate appeals of a suffering woman who thinks herself wronged, or are they the advertising efforts of her shrewd and remorseless managers? Like the play of Miss Cummings, the letters and the speeches of Miss Cummings are Suspected, and hence we see all the papers declining to publish them except in the advertising columns and at the usual advertising rates. Perhaps this treatment is very unfair to Miss Cummings; but still she ought to remember, or Paul Nicholson and Ikey Reed ought to have told her, that the letter-writing form of advertisement has been pretty constantly played, and pretty thoroughly played-out, since Mr. Boucicault wrote Led Astray into popularity. Thus Miss Cummings, if she be genuine in her complaints, is cut off from the press, except at advertising rates, by the dodges of her epistolary predecessors; but if, on the contrary, the advertising was intended, then she ought to rebuke her agents for not thinking out some newer and more original design. We are so chivalrous and have such faith in the fairness of fair ladies, that we prefer to believe Miss Cummings to be sincere in what she says. What difference does it make, after all, if she only desires to entice us into giving her notoriety by replying to her complaints? A paper can do much worse than to gratuitously advertise a very pretty woman, even though she be a very bad actress; and if Paul Nicholson and Ikey Reed, who are old stagers and scribblers themselves, grin at each other and say to their star, "See! we have got you an editorial in THE MIRROR!" let Miss Cummings reply to them that they are very much mistaken; that they knew nothing whatever about the article until they saw it in print, and that she did it all herself with her little hatchet and her attack upon the critics.

For, be it understood, the critics, not being wealthy enough to advertise their answers, are debarred from replying, in their own papers, to the accusations of Miss Cummings that they are all Lothairs—by which she does not mean Lotharios—and that they are banded together to crush her. What Miss Cummings does mean by her crisp and epigrammatic phrase is, that the critics are like those described in Disraeli's novel, "Lothair"—persons who have themselves failed in literature or art. This is a personal accusation, and, as we have said, the critics cannot reply to it, except at advertising rates, because their editors would very properly strike out any personal reply in the news or editorial columns to the advertisement which Miss Cummings had paid for in cash. "No, my dear boy," the editor would say, if he said anything, "I declined to publish the letter of Miss Cummings, and, consequently, I must decline to publish your reply. Hence the blue-pencil marks on your copy. If Miss Cummings has advertised her letter, very good. The rule is that an advertisement must be answered by an advertisement. So take your copy down to the publication office and either pay for it or give an order on the cashier for your salary, as you please. Good morning!" Thus it happens that, by chivalrously volunteering to give Miss Cummings some of the notoriety she craves, or that Paul Nicholson and Ikey Reed crave for her, we find that we are able to lend a helping hand to all these critics in distress. Thus virtue is its own reward; and we shall not even pause to point out, as we had intended, the tremendous absurdity of Paul Nicholson, one of the famous Two Men of Sandy Bar—Stuart Robson was the other man—and Ikey Reed of the Mercury—but not the dramatic critic of the Mercury, as we shall see presently—either making, or instigating, or indorsing when made by Miss Cumming-, any charge whatever against the press or any member of the press, against any critic or any combination of critics, or, in fact, against anybody who knows how to throw a stone and can tell a glass house from an obelisk!

To discover, first of all, whether there be any foundation for the accusation of Miss Cummings that her critics are people who have failed in literature or art, let us call the roll of critics. The Herald critic, let us say, is either Mr. DeFontaine or Mr. Cooney. Mr. DeFontaine has never tried art, but in literature he has been very successful. Mr. Cooney has written very popular music and translated some capital librettos. Both are genial, soft-hearted critics, and either would much rather praise than blame anybody. Mr. Winter of the Tribune is a success as a poet and as the reviser of Edwin Booth's acting plays. He is not an artist; but his son is on the stage and doing cleverly. As a poet, his devotion to lovely woman is natural, and only the painful truth could compel him to say unkind words of a female star. George Edgar Montgommery was out of town and did not write about Miss Cummings, therefore he does not count in this argument. Mr. Copleston of the World has never essayed to be a literary man or an artist, satisfied to be a journalist and to devote himself to the study of music and the drama. To art he has, however, contributed a charming and talented daughter, who has been very successful as a pianiste. Mr. Laffan of the Sun has been a failure as a journalist; but as a passenger agent and hotel agent he shunts literature and as a member of the Tile Club he takes only a chimney-corner view of art. Mr. Townsend Percy, like Mr. Montgommery, was out of town and did not write the notice of Suspected for the Star. Mr. Hows of the Express is a success as an essayist and a correspondent and makes no pretensions to any other art or any other kind of literature. Mr. Towse of the Evening Post is also a journalist; but everybody knows that to have been upon the Post, under William Cullen Bryant, is a literary certificate. Mr. Chamberlain of the Commercial is one of the most gentle and experienced of critics, and his managerial experieuces at the Lyceum taught him patience with even the worst plays and actors. Mr. Morriss of the Telegram is as kindly, though inexperienced, and Mr. Flynn, his editor, would not be harsh even to those who deserved it. Mr. Foreman of the Mail never says an unkind word of anybody. Dr. Atkinson of the News is only too generous in his judgments. None of these can be set down as "Lothairs."

This is the roll-call of the critics of the entire daily press, excepting M. De Villas of the Courrier des Etats Unis, and Herr Reickart of the Staats-Zeitung, both of whom have been so very successful in literature and art that the dictum of Lothair cannot possibly apply to them, and both of whom do honor to journalism. We do not proceed to give the names of the critics of the weekly press, because only the daily papers had spoken of Miss Cummings at the time when her letter of complaint was published. Now, looking carefully over the list, who of these gentlemen would be likely to combine against Miss Cummings, or of his own motion to do her any harm? The majority of them, we see at a glance, would be only too happy to praise anybody who gave them the slightest excuse to exhibit their geniality. Mr. Laffan might sell Miss Cummings a ticket on the Long Island Railroad; but this peril she can avoid by traveling on another and a better line; otherwise he has no special malice outside of Daly's Theatre. With this exception who is there to combine to crush Miss Cummings? None of the long list, as we have seen, is a failure in literature or art, and as none deserves to be called "a Lothair," down goes the superstructure of combination which Miss Cummings has built upon this unsupported charge. We are forced, then, to believe that, as all these gentlemen condemned Miss Cummings and her play, it must have been because she deserved condemnation both as an actress and a dramatist. This is the only sensible conclusion to be drawn from her own premises; and, if we came to it reluctantly, it must be admitted that we have reached it logically. All these critics may, possibly, be wrong, and Miss Cummings is justified in appealing from their judgment to that of the public. But when she listens to anything that Paul Nicholson and Ikey Reed tell her about the critics she is not justified in believing it and putting it into print or speech without such an exhaustive investigation as that which we have instituted for her benefit.

PERSONAL.

LEAVITT.—M. B. Leavitt is on his way home.

GRAY.—Ada Gray arrived in town this week.

ALDRICH.—Lou is Aldrich is in town for a few days.

MAYO.—Frank Mayo will arrive from England next week.

STRAFFORD.—Maurice Strafford is at the East End Hotel, Rockaway Beach.

MORRIS.—There is a package marked "valuable" left by express at this office for Clara Morris.

BRIGNOLI.—Signor Brignoli will be the primo-tenore of Emma Abbott's company, next season.

JEANNETT.—Elsie Jeannett will commence a starring tour in September, in one of W. Elliott Barnes' plays.

DARGON.—Augusta Dargon was married in Orange, N. S. W., May 28, to Dr. Piercy of the Pacific Mail service.

BARNES.—Elliott Barnes is getting sunburned in the surf and writing dramas at Spring Lake Beach, N. J.

WILLIAMS.—Marie Williams is well provided for the coming season, having signed four contracts—so far as heard from.

FROHMAN.—Gus Frohman will be the manager of the Madison Square traveling company on the road. A good choice.

HOLLAND.—George Holland is in town, and looking extremely well after his preliminary jaunt with Our Gentlemen Friends.

GOTTHOLD.—Milt Gotthold has turned dramatist. He has rewritten the second act of Uncle Tom for Anthony & Ellis. He paid for the privilege.

JAMES.—Mr. St. Iago James, a basso with a European reputation, is sojourning in New York, and will probably be secured by some one of the opera companies now organizing.

PENNOYER.—A. S. Pennoyer, who has been connected with Rice's Evangeline company four years, will retain his old position of business manager with that organization next season.

ABBOTT.—The new book entitled, "The Story of a Prima-Donna," by Alice Hobbins (Cress), will be issued in August. It is the life of Emma Abbott. James Morrissey is the publisher.

KLARNOLD.—Frank Klarnold has been engaged for second juveniles in the Annie Ward Tiffany combination. Mr. Klarnold has been for some time the Albany correspondent of THE MIRROR.

ADDITIONS.—George Clarke, Frederick Paulding, Louisa Eldridge, Jean Burnside, Florence Elmore and Maude Stuart are some of the latest additions to Mackaye's Madison Square Theatre company.

REMENYI'S FIDDLES.—Remenyi owns three violins valued at $13,000—"the Prince," made one hundred years ago, by Nicolo Amati, value $5,000; "the Princess," a Stradivarius, value $5,000; and one made by Colton of Brooklyn, value $3,000.

CASTLETON.—Kate Castleton leaves the variety stage and goes out with Jarrett & Rice's Fun on the Bristol party, commencing August 9. Miss Castleton is a dashing and pretty actress, whose achievements in burlesque on the other side are pleasantly remembered.

ALLEN.—Eloise Allen writes us that she is rusticating at Bluehill Falls, Me. Her health has not been good for some time; and if it does not improve before November she will proceed to Europe. She says she will not return to the stage next season, for which she is truly sorry.

BASCOM.—Henrie Louise Bascom, whose picture is published this week, is a young lady from the Pacific Slope, who recently arrived in New York, bringing with her excellent recommendations from the resident managers of San Francisco. The critics spoke very highly of her acting as Jane in Miss Multon, including Col. Barnes of the Call. A letter from Clara Morris, complimenting her highly upon her performance of the role, strengthens their opinion. She is petite, young, and wants only a good New York appearance to make herself a favorite here.

THE USHER.

In Ushering
Mend him who can! The ladies call him, sweet.
—LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.

The Bernhardt boom has subsided a little for the present. The last noteworthy impetus it received was the Herald's interview last week, which was probably instigated by Fred Schwab. In it the French actress throws out a dainty crumb to every class upon whom her success in this country depends. Nobody in the profession—unless it be Adelaide Neilson—could have made a more politic or clever bid for preliminary attention. After throwing out a very absorbtive sop to our snobs, our students, our profession and our public, she flings an especially porous sponge to the American press and critics. She says that adverse comment upon her endeavors always affects her acting, and if the newspaper men wish to see her succeed and keep her here they will use her kindly, and pass over her little faults—both artistic and social—with gentleness and consideration. Now we must expect a lull in matters pertaining to her trip here, like that which characterizes the attitude of the political parties who are resting on their arms through the Summer, until just previous to her bursting upon us in November in all her glory.

* * *

Nothing has been said about the price of seats during her four weeks' season at Booth's. Of course they must be raised, or Manager Abbey would stand little chance of clearing any substantial profits, considering the heavy terms which he has made with her. He will either make or lose a great deal of money on her engagement. But if the rumors have any foundation, that the customary scale of prices will be trebled, a great mistake will be made. Bernhardt will probably be the rage, and a furore will no doubt be excited over her playing, but many people who would, if the tariff was anywhere within their means, make it a point to see her early and often, could see her but once say, and then merely to satisfy a curiosity. Then, too, Bernhardt will have a serious rival in Col. Mapleson's season of opera, which opens against her. The Colonel will bring over with him Gerster, and Nillson perhaps, or some other big card, and the very people who would patronize Bernhardt at high prices are many of them subscribers to Her Majesty's opera, who would feel obliged to use their boxes and stalls at the Academy. In a large degree, therefore, the financial success of Bernhardt's engagement depends upon this question of prices. It would be a good thing for the other managers through the city if a high rate of admission should be charged, as it would then leave the medium-priced public no alternative but to patronize their houses in quest of enjoyment at an expenditure within their reach. The spirited rivalry and opposition for two months, however, will be between Booth's, with the French tragedienne, and the Academy of Music with Italian opera.

* * *

Two acts of Anna Dickinson's new play are completed, and they were submitted to Miss Fanny Davenport Friday last. The scene is laid in Russia about the year 1826, and the heroine is a Jewish woman. The dialogue is in that pure, strong vein which characterizes all of Miss Dickinson's dramatic work. About the central character there clusters an intense interest and a hearty sympathy that, taking into consideration the two acts finished and the plans for the two yet to be written, will be sustained unflaggingly throughout. The part will just fit the requirements of Fanny Davenport, giving her opportunity to display her talent in presenting suppressed emotion, and the statuesque action for which she is noted. Miss Davenport says that the first and second acts contain material enough for a half-dozen good plays; but the story is so deftly handled that there is not a single anti-climax or a superfluous situation. While the character of the Jewess, Esther Arnim, which she will play, stands forth in vivid colors, the background of people is unobtrusively yet distinctly outlined, in such a manner as to join mosaic-like in an ensemble of perfect unity and accord. For example, at the close of the second act every one of the dramatis personæ is brought on the stage naturally and logically, composing a picture, the centre figure of which is Esther, but to which each individually is a necessary and a desirable part.

* * *

The above was written last week, but Miss Dickinson kindly informed me Monday that all negotiations concerning Esther Arnim—as the drama was to have been called—are off. Instead of appearing in this piece Miss Davenport will be seen in another, by Anna Dickinson, a four-act comedy, two acts of which are already completed, and the remainder will be delivered about the middle of August. The principal character is what the title—An American Girl—implies in every sense of the word. It is modelled with a view to showing Miss Davenport's abilities as a comedienne as well as an emotional actress. Opinion is pretty nearly divided as to which line suits her best. For myself, I think that a part such as that mapped out by Miss Dickinson, which demands both qualities, is decidedly the thing for our handsome star. The authoress in her own words says that the heroine of the play will be "gay but not frivolous."

* * *

I understand that the reason of the change from the Russian piece to the comedy was that the leading part was not considered strong enough by Miss Davenport. The villain—Count von Konesky—has all the effective lines in the piece, and it would require too expensive a company and too many scenic effects to do properly out of town, especially in one-night stands. It is perhaps as well as not that things have assumed the shape they are now in; at all events we are not to be cheated out of Esther Arnim, for it may be done at the Square or some other theatre later on in the season.

* * *

The production of An American Girl at the Fifth Avenue in the Autumn will be an event of singular interest. In the first place the piece will be brought out under the management of the most extensive theatrical manager of his time, whose name, like his great enterprises, is quoted in almost every State in the Union as a household word; then the star herself, Fanny Davenport, if not the greatest, at least the most popular of our native actresses, appears for the first time in four years at the very house where she rose step by step to the front rank of her profession, and which was the scene of her earliest triumphs; and we shall see her in a drama written by our foremost, in fact our only, dramatic genius of the other sex—a woman whose career, if it has been hampered by malice and envious opposition, is one that by its brilliance and its indomitable perseverance commands respect and admiration. The appearance of a great American actress, acting an American play by a great American writer, on the boards of a famous American theatre, directed by a great American manager, will be an event of importance, involving national pride and interest, which will be awaited with impatience.

* * *

Steve Fiske, in speaking of the company that supported Miss Cummings in Suspected, said in the Spirit last week: "Instead of power in the cast, the management had collected together all those professional beauties who figure as stars on the portrait page of THE MIRROR, and are seldom seen elsewhere in New York. Adelaide Thornton, Genevieve Mills, Dora St. Clair, Bessie Byrne, Lottie Adams, Rita Gordon—all were there." Yes, they were all there, my dear Mr. Fiske, but none of their faces has ever been reflected in THE MIRROR. You should refresh your memory by referring more frequently to your valued file of the only exclusively dramatic newspaper published in America.

* * *

The following advertisement appeared in the amusement column of Wednesday morning's Herald:

A CARD.

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, July 27, 1880.

TO THE PUBLIC: Owing to the heat and the strain upon my voice and energies in my recent struggles I am compelled, in justice to myself, to withdraw my successful play, Suspected, as I am physically unable at present to act. Thanking the public for their appreciation, promising at some future time to reappear in renewed vigor, and still intending to expose, as soon as circumstances shall permit, the true animus of the recent attempt to crush me, I refer my friends and the public with pride to the accompanying card from the treasurer of the Fifth Avenue Theatre. Respectfully,

MINNIE CUMMINGS.

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE,
NEW YORK, July 27, 1880.

As treasurer for Max Strakosch for the past season the engagement of Miss Minnie Cummings at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, who played Suspected, has been decidedly most successful, in point of large and appreciative audiences, financially, having proved a profit to the management and all concerned.

GUS BOTHNER, Treasurer.

The idea of Minnie Cummings voluntarily leaving any unfortunate theatre that she ever set foot in long enough to induce the unhappy manager to present herself and her plays, was a startling bit of news. Usually, when on one of her raids—not to speak disrespectfully—this dramatic nightmare in petticoats captures a place of amusement without much difficulty; but it is the Old Boy's own job to get her outside again. This has been the experience of several managers in the past—notably that of the former owners of the Fifth Avenue Hall. But here we have it over her own name that of her own free will she admits herself vanquished, and retires—overcome by the heat. The card of Gus Bothner, Max Strakosch's treasurer, is a bit of advertisement writing that is at once rich, rare, and racy. Rich in humorous deceit; rare in cool, ungarnished cheek; and racy in well-seasoned box-office wit. The uncrushed Minnie may indeed "refer with pride" to the politic document which appropriately accompanies her "card." As it says, her engagement "has been decidedly most successful" from the Cummings standpoint. It has demonstrated to everybody's supreme satisfaction just what a very bad, bad actress the author of Suspected really is, therefore it was "decidediy most successful" to the public at large. The "large and appreciative audiences" is certainly a statement within the bounds of reason. How could the houses have been otherwise, considering the industry of the Israelitish agent Miss Cummings employed to force clipped tickets upon his extensive circle of beer-saloon acquaintances all over the city? Mr. Bothner's card closes with the remark that the engagement "proved a profit to the management and all concerned." This is the only thing that might be misconstrued, but the gallant treasurer's diplomatic ambiguity must be explained. What he meant to say was that Mr. Strakosch and the public—those supposed to be most deeply interested in the result—were both profited by Miss Cummings' short stay at the Fifth Avenue, inasmuch as they have thereby learned to let the fair emotional actress severely alone, in the future.

* * *

In her card Miss Cummings rightly explains that the sudden termination of her season is due to the strain upon her voice and energies in her recent struggles, but strangely enough she neglects to add that these struggles were with the ladies and gentlemen of her company, who got tired of playing for nothing, and refused to go on Tuesday night, unless arrears were made up. In other words, no money, no performance. Of course, there was no money, and, of course, consequently, there was no performance. The only class of people who would be sorry to see Miss Cummings retire to the turbid private life from which she emerged some years ago, are the newspaper men, who would be deprived of an excellent subject for profuse fun.

* * *

I don't wish to give Miss Cummings too much gratuitous advertising, but I cannot resist making public some ludicrous facts which have come to light concerning her short reign at the Fifth Avenue. It is alleged that she expressed herself as being short of funds to one of the ladies of the company, who was moved to pity by her sad, sad tale. But when the crushed tragedienne, on whom the mantle of the late Count Joannes has fallen, expended the borrowed money for three pairs of natty silk stockings, all the sympathies of the lender vanished into thin air. Tuesday night a very intense scene occurred in the green room a short time before the hour at which the play was to begin. It seems that the support had been paid part of their first week's salary, and they played Monday night on the condition that the balance would be handed over Tuesday. This was not done, and they declined to act. On receipt of this news the star wanted to make an arrangement that the night's receipts after $500 should be shared among them. This the unreasonable company did not see, as such an amount of money had not been taken in at the box-office since the opening night, and they refused to make any such compromise. Thereupon the turbulent Minnie put on her fiercest tragedy air and made a number of inflammatory speeches, the substance of which was that she would expose every one of them in her next lecture. Just what the exposure was to be she did not think to say.

* * *

Speaking of Miss Cummings, would it not be well to establish an asylum for Insane Actors, to which they might be committed by legal process? It would be full of patients all the year round.

* * *

The cable brings the news that season after next Adelina Patti and Nicolini will visit America. She has hitherto been hampered in her movements respecting this country, by a ridiculous contract she made with Maurice Strakosch some time since, the terms of which prevent her from appearing here under any management but his. To release herself from this she has agreed to pay him $20,000—an installment of $12,000 on the other side, and the balance upon her arrival here. She will sing under her own direction.

* * *

Marie Williams seems to be a very effervescent young person. Not content with making three separate contracts to play here next season with Rice, Leavitt, and Colville, she signed another with the Gattis in London. She has been the cause of personal dissension also between our two good friends Marcus Mayer, who is associated with Manager Leavitt, and Ernest Stanley, representing Mr. Rice. The two met a fortnight ago, and some very vigorous pleasantries passed between them. We all of us know how quick Marcus is to resent an insult, and had not Stanley avoided trouble, there might have been a pugilistic encounter to relate instead of a mere interchange of big talk.

* * *

In September, the only notable happening will be the appearance at neighboring theatres of Clara Morris and Fanny Davenport. The two actresses who won their fame at about the same time at the Fifth Avenue will be pitted against one another again. Clara Morris will play at Booth's as a star in a couple of her standard parts—her first appearance in New York for a long time—and Fanny Davenport will star at Haverly's Fifth Avenue in Anna Dickinson's prospective play, which will be the first engagement she has acted at any theatre but the Grand Opera House since she produced Olivia at the Union Square two Summers ago.

* * *

Harry Sargent bids fair to lose his hold upon theatricals entirely. First, Modjeska repudiates him, and now it is announced that the Madison Square Theatre will manage its own companies on the road next season, the original Hazel Kirke company and the original Professor company—which has not yet been seen. Sargent's greed, and his bad choice of associates are directly the cause of both the Modjeska and Madison Square contracts missing fire.

HAVERLY.—J. H. Haverly will return from Chicago next Monday.

THE WEEK AT THE THEATRES.

"The Play's the thing."—HAMLET.

After remaining closed for two weeks, Haverly's Fourteenth street theatre was reopened Monday night by a quartet of rather clever people, styling themselves The Stewarts. The house was quite filled with a good-natured audience, composed largely of professionals, who were disposed to treat the entertainment in a friendly manner.

The Stewarts are a family consisting of the father and three bright daughters. They are Australians and have been making a tour of the world. For the past two months they have been performing in England, where their endeavors met with favors. They are on their way home, and it is said they did not intend to appear in America until they were induced to try their luck here in New York by Mr. Haverly's agent.

Their entertainment is very much in the style of those used by the Vokes Family. Unfortunately, however, it is a stale, flimzy sketch which is not suited to the requirements of a city audience. Rainbow Revels, as it is called, is a sort of vaudeville, based upon the incident of a number of young girls paying a visit to an uncle in the country, who happens to have in the house a theatrical wardrobe. The girls take possession of this and donning various costumes proceed to play practical jokes upon the old gentleman; he in turn adopts their own plan, and two acts of mimicry, music and masquerading ensue. The substance of the idea is well enough in its way, the only objection being to the manner in which it is worked out. The introduction of such fresh and fragrant songs as Villikens and his Dinah, Polly Perkins, and Maid of Athens, would no doubt prove attractive to such simple people as the Zulus or the patrons of the Circuit of Muskgon, but somehow they seem a trifle too familiar to quite satiate that love of something new which characterizes the New York public.

But notwithstanding the primitiveness of their piece, and the antediluvian nature of their songs and specialties, the Stewarts are artists in their way—and clever artists, too. Richard Stewart, the man of the party, is a good comedian—finished and well-rounded work shows that he thoroughly understands his business. His deaf gardener, Frenchman and Irishman were each good, although conventional, but his imitation of actors were not so successful. And here comes in the fault of antiquity stated above. Few of the theatre-goers of to-day saw Joe Jefferson sixteen years ago as Rip Van Winkle, or, having seen, cares particularly about having a reproduction placed before them by Mr. Stewart. His imitation of Macready also, however correct, cannot be appreciated, although the great actor's impeded speech and pronounced mannerisms are handed down by tradition. The representation of old John Drew in a bit of an Irish part was better understood, and elicited a decided recognition from the audience. Docy Stewart, the eldest of the sisters, a well-looking woman of prominent embonpoint, did not give much promise in the first act, but in the latter part of the piece she redeemed herself by presenting several admirable impersonations of female low comedy. Her singing voice is a little passe, but although lacking in quality there is no stint of quantity. Maggie Stewart has the prettiest face, but the least ability of the trio of the sisters. The best thing she did was a Scotch lassie, and for the first time in many years upon the stage in this city, the true Highland dialect was heard. Nellie Stewart, the youngest, became a favorite with the front of the house at once. She is a bright, lady-like little woman, who sings passably, dances neatly, and has an inexhaustible stock of spirit and dash. Billy Tops, the "buttons," and a German girl, were praiseworthy performances that should have a better setting.

If Mr. Stewart is wise, he will furbish up Rainbow Revels, do away with all the old, worn-out features, and replace them by something more up to the times. A trip through the United States and a rub against the American public would quickly effect this desirable result.

During the interval that the house has been closed, several improvements have been made in the way of new carpets, upholstering, etc., which was needed. A drop-curtain by Voegtlin was exposed to view at the close of the first act, which elicited marks of approbation. The subject is a view of Laga Maggiore and a neighboring chateau. It is picturesque and effective. Heaven be praised that our eyes have been offended by those old-maid Nine Muses of the former act-drop for the last time!

Next Monday George Conquest's troupe will appear at Wallack's in a vaudeville and pantomime entertainment.—Minnie Cummings shut up shop Tuesday night, at the Fifth Avenue, Suspected having enjoyed an unhealthy run of seven nights.—The Genuine Colored Minstrels continue to fair business at Nible's.—Hazel Kirke is finishing its seventh month.

ALBANI.—The diva sang before Queen Vic at Windsor Castle the 3d inst.

SULLIVAN.—The London Era is authority for the statement that Barry Sullivan is not coming to America next season.

SOTHERN.—E. A. Sothern is at Brighton, England, where he is reported as suffering from bad health.

HOWARD.—Marion Howard is at present passing a few weeks in the mountains of Vermont, at the residence of her sister, Mrs. Westney.

PROFESSIONAL DOINGS.

—Rice's New Evangeline company opens at Haverly's Fourteenth Street Theatre August 30.

—The Abbott Opera company will open at the Fifth Avenue Theatre in January for four weeks.

—Mr. Bernhardt (not related to Sara) goes with Miss Alice Harrison next season, as musical director.

—Hazel Kirke is after all not to be produced at the Windsor. The first stand will probably be in St. Louis.

—Jed and Margery Basset will present their Bric-a-Brac entertainment twice a week at Asbury Park, N. J.

—Tony Pastor writes that although the weather is frightfully hot, business with his traveling company is still large.

—The present Madison Square Theatre company, now playing Hazel Kirke, will appear in that play on the road at the conclusion of its run here.

—D'Oyly Carte has altered the dates for the production of his new opera. It will not be put on the road until next February, and then with the New York cast.

—Henry E. Hoyt is at work upon a new and handsome drop curtain for the Boston Park Theatre. The subject is an effective combination of satin drapery.

—The scenery for the Kiralfys' production of Around the World in Eighty Days, at Niblo's, has arived from Europe. It was painted by well-known artists in Paris and Florence.

—Annie Ward Tiffany will have a strong company on the road next season. Supporting her in Elliott Dawn's drama Prejudice, which has already been succesfully played by Kate Girard.

—The Ada Gray combination has closed a long season of twenty-two consecutive months, having played to large business everywhere. Will play Cincinnati two weeks commencing Sept. 13 (Exposition weeks).

—Louisville Commercial: The NEW YORK MIRROR is making rapid strides toward perfection as a dramatic journal. Its articles and correspondence are written in good taste, and are entirely free from spite and symptoms of "soreback."

—George Holland and Our Gentlemen Friends will open at the Standard, under Mr. Henderson's management, August 14. New scenery is being painted expressly for the production, and a strong cast, embracing sixteen people, will appear.

—Frank I. Clarke of Manitoba, Canada, a contributor to Puck, has written a musical comedy called Hymen's Harvest. It has met with success, and we suppose, one of these fine days, we shall welcome it to the metropolitan boards.

—The full list of Willie Edouin's company for next season is as follows: Willie Edouin, Frank W. Sanger, Jacques Kruger, Gus. Le Claire, James Powers, Alice Atherton, Lotta Belton, Julia Edouin, Ida Sharpleigh, Annetta Da Mare; and W. J. Rostetter, musical director.

—Dr. A. B. Kennedy of Dabuque, Iowa, has an engagement with Barlow, Wilson, Primrose and West's Minstrel troupe for the season of '80-81, as interlocutor and basso. The company will assemble at Syracuse, N. Y., August 16, for rehearsal. The company will be fifty strong.

—W. Malmene has composed a new comic opera, entitled Enoch Arden; or, The King of the Cannibal Islands, the words of which have been written by W. R. Schuyler, of St. Louis. Frank Rogers is rewriting the libretto, and the opera will probably soon be produced at a metropolitan theatre.

—The full list of the Goodwin-Frolliques company for next season is as follows: Alice Burville, Jeanne Delmar, Jennie Weatherby, Ella Mayer, Nat Goodwin, Charles Bowser, Henry Vaughn, Daly Bros., Emerson and Clarke, Louis Goss, Albert Anderson, musical director, A. Mackenzie, and John Warner, manager. They will play, in addition to Hobbies, their new piece Ozone, which is said to belong to a higher grade of entertainment.

—Robson and Crane's repertoire next season will consist of Sharps and Flats—which met with great success last season—Joseph Bradford's A. D. 1900, and Shakespeare's Twelfth Night. They will open Sept. 6 at Detroit, then to Chicago for three weeks, St. Louis, Pittsburg. Their Boston season will commence Oct. 25, playing at the Globe for two weeks, then to the New York Standard for four weeks. Thomas F. Shea is advance agent.

—Mr. Kit Clarke, manager of Mme. Rentz's Minstrels, has entered into a contract with C. G. Conn, of Elkhart, Ind., the most extensive manufacturer in America, for the finest set of band instruments ever seen in this country. They will be of solid silver, engraved and gold mounted, and will be used by the Vivandiere Cornet band, of the above organization. The cost of the set of instruments will be between $4,000 and $5,000.

—The Kate Thayer Concert company and Curtis' Original Spanish Students, will commence their season about the middle of October. Miss Thayer made a fine success last summer on the concert stage, and the company will be much stronger next season. Curtis' Spanish Students is a powerful organization itself. They not only present a high class of concerted music, but there are fine soloists in the company, who perform on a number of instruments many of which are new in this country.

—Mme. Rentz's Minstrels, Vienna Orchestra and Cornet Band for the coming season will be composed of Kit Clarke, manager; Bruno Kennicott, business agent; David Schiff, treasurer; B. S. Hodges, stage manager; E. F. Lindsey, musical director; Lew Benedict, Alf. Lawton and B. S. Hodges, comedians; Bessie Bell, Susie Ulm, Louise Bliss, Louise Randall and Tillie Barker, vocalists; Miss Cora Cardigan, flutist; Misses Kate Raby and Eva Loretta, cornetists; Miss Kate Ives, harpist; Miss Alice Witherell, instrumentalist; and the Misses Lou Arlington, Alice Lindsey and Zerlina Mannheirm.

—The following is a full list of the Abbott English opera company for the season of 1880-81. Emma Abbott, Julie Rosewald, Zelda Seguin, Pauline Maurel, Therese Marcy, William Castle, Frank Augustine, A. E. Stoddard, Ellis Ryse, Servero Strini, Arthur W. Tams and Signor Brignoli. Signor Tomasi will be the musical director, and Mr. Tams the stage manager. The repertoire of the company consists of the following operas: Romeo and Juliet, Lovers' Pilgrimage, Merry Wives of Windsor, Paul and Virginia, Bohemian Girl, Carmen, Maritana, Trovatore, Fra Diavolo, Mignon, Lucia, Faust, Martha, Chimes of Normandy, and Daughter of the Regiment.

"DRAMATIC LIFE AS I FOUND IT."*

AN INTERESTING VOLUME FROM THE PEN OF MR. N. M. LUDLOW—THE DRAMA WEST AND SOUTH MANY YEARS AGO—REMINISCENCES OF A VETERAN MANAGER.

There is ample room yet for some romance which, in the make-up, shall have a savor of Le Sage, Gautier, and Dickens, for Gil Blas, Captain Fracasse, and Nicholas Nickleby might all find new incidents in an American novel of a thespian character. If with the first church, newspaper office, and telegraph station, civilization in some out-of-the-way town commences, shortly afterward the showman makes his appearance, and sets up his temporary booth. In English professional language we hear of the theatrical circuit. But how limited it must have been, simply extending over a few counties. In the United States, forty or fifty years ago, a theatrical manager, with his company, wandered over territory broader and wider than all France and Germany. It was a histrionic exploration not without stirring adventures. Rigors of climate had to be endured, rivers had to be forded, and privations without end to be gone through. Truly, there was a latitude about these provincial tours which no other country permitted. The requisites of the impresario were principally pluck and an abiding faith. Away off in Tennessee or Missouri there was a benighted town, unilluminated as yet by the blazing sun of the Peruvians in Pizarro, or where citizens had not as yet had their blood curdled by the freshets of gore which Abœllino or the Great Bandit might diffuse. Then, straightway a manager collected a company, bought wagons or horses, or built him a "broad horn," and on corduroy roads or on the river, jolted or floated his thespians to that town, and an art education was commenced. The confidence of the impresario in his calling, it has been said, was immense, and he was not often in error. If a fortune was not made, at least the troupe managed to live. Manager and company might be thriftless, or incompetent, but the audiences in the West and South, a half a century ago, were very forgiving, the people never let them want, and there was a glamor about the actor which hid all defects. Of course, the assumption was immense. If things did not happen on the stage exactly as represented in the bill, imagination filled up the blanks. A comic opera would have for orchestra then but a single violin, and that performed by, perhaps, the tenor of the company, who was not only the instrumentalist, but the musical director. Pittsburg, in 1815, had presented to its critical notice the comic opera of The Quaker, so Mr. N. M. Ludlow tells us, in which Lubin took the tenor part, and the only accompaniment was one violin. Now, the party who played the violin had also to sing. It required no end of ingenuity so to arrange entrances and exits as to put the performer and violinist on and off the stage and still keep the accompaniment going. That artist, so Mr. Ludlow informs us, 'stood behind the wing, played the violin, only turning his head and thrusting it on when his own voice was required, at the same time holding the violin on one side, out of sight, but still playing on his instrument." This worked very well for some nights, until a stupid scene-shifter, not seeing the double performer, shoved a scene right on the actor, and knocked him and his violin into the middle of the stage, in full view of the audience.

Traveling in those primitive days on "broad horns" on the Ohio, though the scenery was delightful, sometimes brought its little incidents of starvation. Once Mr. Ludlow's party were really famished. The last meal of dry crackers had been divided among the ladies and gentlemen. Meat they must have. Richard III. would have bartered his crown for a beefsteak, and Desdemona her handkerchief for a mutton-chop. The company see on the banks of the river a miserable shanty, and near it two or three straggling sheep. The party make a landing and offer to buy a sheep of the woman of the cabin. The woman refuses. The theatrical villain of the party—Lewis by name—is bound to have a sheep. To histrionic talents he adds the utilitarian profession of butcher. He might have been a good flesher and a poor actor. The company scatter, catch a sheep, kill it, flay and quarter it, and after having put down on the table $3, what they think the sheep is worth, they make quickly for the boat. They are Jasons on the Argonaut, who have stolen the golden fleece. When they are in the stream they hear the report of a gun and the rattle of buckshot. The husband of the woman has returned, and will do murder for his sheep. The actors and actresses duck their heads, paddle away as fast as they can, and enjoy their mutton hugely. "We had," writes Mr. Ludlow, "among our stock farces one called No Song, no Supper, in which Mrs. Lewis used to perform the character of Margaretta, and sing a song about meeting a shepherd and a pet lamb. The denouement of the piece turns upon the song, and at the conclusion her sweetheart has to say. 'Egad, Madge, it was lucky you fell in with the sheep.' This always set the people on the stage to laughing, and the audience, poor souls, never could imagine why." The fun sometimes is, as may be seen, on both sides of the house.

Some of the makeshifts of the stage in those days were of the most amusing character. In Pizarro, as performed in Pittsburg, it was exceedingly difficult to procure the virgins, without which the worship of the sun is theatrically an impossibility. To make up the requisite number of Peruvian maidens, a rather corpulent Dutchman and the lanky property-man were enrolled, clad in sheets. While the ceremony of entering and doing reverence to the sun was proceeding, there was respectful silence, but when the barrel-shaped Dutchman and the bean-stalk property-man brought up the rear of the vestal procession, there was a groan, and some indiscreet person in the pit said, "Oh, such virgins!" The house roared with laughter, in which the actors joined. This was too much for the manager, whose sense of decorum was outraged. As Priest of the Sun, he stepped to the front of the stage, and said: "Ladies and gentlemen: I am astonished and mortified to find in this enlightened city an individual so lost to decorum, not to say decency, as to be capable of insulting a company of comedians who have traveled hundreds of miles to contribute to their pleasure." This had the desired effect, and elicited a full round of applause for the manager, who then, addressing the supposed individual offender, seated in the centre of the pit, said: "Sir: You cannot but perceive that such expressions as you have used, or any such interruptions, must be offensive to your fellow-citizens. I trust you will not repeat the offence, but remain a quiet spectator, if not a gratified one." To this the offender, in stentorian voice, responded, "Yes, sir," when a shout went up from the pit, and the performance went on. This is a delicious little specimen of theatrical bounce, cheek and buncombe, which Mr. Ludlow tells in a very happy way, for the old manager has really a most felicitous method as a raconteur.

The reading public, fond of theatrical jokes, always delight in hearing of the queer changes the supernumerary actor makes when he has a single line to repeat. Perhaps the best of these stock stories is the French one. A man as a herald has to say to his trumpeters, just before the tournament: "Sonnez trompettes!" and gets it off. "Trompez sonettes." In Shylock, a servant enters and Portia asks: "What news?" To this the servant ought to reply: "The four strangers seek for you, Madame, to take their leave; and there is a courtier come from the court of Morocco." Now the man cast for the servant, who was a confirmed tobacco chewer and always had his mouth full of the weed, was in addition very stupid, and constructed his lines as follows: "There's three or four strangers a-looking for you; and there's a currier from Morocco." The manager, who was standing at the opposite side behind the scenes, shouted out: "What's the price of leather? D—n your eyes!" The audience caught the words, and joined with the actors in a roar of laughter.

Pleasant are the stories which our manager tells us of the actors, and their trouble about coats when they wanted to leave the lofty stage and descend into the lower world. Velvets and spangles have they, but sometimes no shirts or stockings. Messrs. Jones and Caldwell are invited, while at Cahawba, to a dinner and evening party. They are fast friends, and wear the same dickey on separate gala occasions. They are invited together, but here is the dilemma. There is but one coat, and that is a theatrical one of bottle-green cloth, rather queerly cut, with steel buttons and white satin lining. There is one decent waistcoat. It is arranged this way: Caldwell is to go to the dinner, then excuse himself, and then Jones will have his innings. Caldwell is at the dinner, and leaves before evening; then Jones presents himself, the same bottle green coat with the steel buttons resplendent all the time. There is a young lady, a pretty one, who apparently has been fascinated by the actors; at last she asks: "Mr. Jones, is yours the fashionable dress of the day for parties in the large cities?" This for a moment confused him, but he soon recovered his equanimity and replied: "This, Miss, is what is called the Dramatic Club dress; and it is customary with gentlemen of the stage to put on their club dress when they go to parties." To this she responded: "Well, I suppose it is something out of the common way, for the other gentleman of the theatre had the same kind of dress on to-day when he dined with us."

Though the actor West and South was almost always well received, occasionally distinctions were made. Mr. Ludlow says in England a story went the rounds about the arrival of a company of actors in a country town, and how a woman told her servant, "Betsy, take in the shirts; the players have come." It seems that in 1829 Cincinnati held actors as very low in the scale of humanity, and that a theatre was almost sure to fail there. Mr. Ludlow, as manager, tried there The Bride of Abydos, Tom and Jerry, and all the other popular pieces of the day, but in vain. "No attraction could bring together a succession of full houses in a city where many persons were afraid to go to a theatre, lest they should be talked about by those who were members of churches where the clergy were continually consigning actors and those who supported them to the infernal regions." Since that time, 1830, Cincinnati has changed; for owing to the cosmopolitan character of its people there is probably not a city in the Union where public amusements are so much sought after. The great national play of 1830 seems to have been The Pilot; or, Paul Jones, with the character of Long Tom Coffin. Our manager describes with pride his ship, full rigged, with all sails flying, and how "'bout ship" was managed on the stage. But Cincinnati would not sail in the ship, so, with that cleverness of adaptation which a manager should possess, Cherry and the Fair Star took the place of the national drama. The ship, with a little Dutch foil, became an Oriental galley in all its gorgeous splendor. But it was all the same to the Cincinnatians of that early day. Neither national nor spectacular pieces would suit them.

As an old stager, Mr. Ludlow's criticisms are frequently very just. The Long Tom Coffin of those days was C. B. Parsons, who in after days was ordained to the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and continued to be one of its prominent clergymen to the day of his death. Our manager heard him at St. Louis in 1855, admired the sermon, but thought his style of delivery a trifle too stagey for the pulpit. "In fact, Parsons was an actor when a preacher, and a preacher when actor." This same criticism Mr. Ludlow uses when describing Macready, and to us, through the long interval of years, it seems to be a just one. "I think," writes Mr. Ludlow, "Macready made a great mistake when he abandoned the idea of devoting himself to the service of the Church. In that position I believe he would have gone down to posterity as an eminent divine and an exemplary Christian, both of which I cordially believe he would have deserved more than that of an eminent tragedian. An amusing incident is told of Macready in Mobile, when Mr. Ludlow was manager of the theatre there. The tragedian, on arrival, was met by the manager at the hotel. The first thing the actor did was to read the manager a lecture. The theatre bills, which he had seen posted up, did not please him. He began in this manner: "Who is—a Mr.—a—Mr. Clay, that is announced in large—a—letters directly following my name?" To which Ludlow replied: "Surely, Mr. Macready, you must be aware who the Hon. Henry Clay is, if you read the poster, and your words imply that you did." To this the actor rejoined something in a kind of undertone. I then understood that he did not know who Mr. Clay was. * * * He then said that as we had agreed to give him half the receipts of each night, he presumed that we expected him to fill the theatre every night, and, therefore, he could not understand why we should wish to announce any further attraction." The joke of this story lies in this—that Henry Clay had agreed to accept Ludlow's invitation to be present at Mr. Macready's debut in Mobile. Writing in regard to half receipts of the theatre and actors with whom agreements were entered upon, with this clause, Mr. Ludlow tells a good story of an English actress, Mrs. Gibbs, whose husband was always on the lookout for the interests of his wife, and who was suspicious of Yankee theatrical treasurers. On one occasion, at the Mobile Theatre, Mr. Gibbs—his wife having a benefit—established himself just beside the doorkeeper, with a big coat on, one pocket filled with beans. For every person who came in and paid, he would take a bean and drop it in another pocket. Dead-heads were represented by black beans, and children, half price, by split beans. All this was noticed by the disgusted doorkeeper, and reported to the manager. Next day, while the company were rehearsing, Mr. and Mrs. Gibbs called at the theatre, the former to get his money. There was an actor, J. M. Field by name, and Mrs. Gibbs said to him, "How do you do, Mr. Field?" Field threw himself languidly on a sofa, and said, "Mrs. Gibbs, I have not been well lately; in short, I've been very ill." "Why, how was that?" asked Mrs. Gibbs, "you seemed very well last night." "Yes," said Field, "but, you see, last night I took a large dish of bean soup, and I've had ever since a severe pain in the right side, just under my pocket."

Mr. Ludlow's managerial functions, extending over a period of thirty-eight years, made him conversant with all the great actors of his day. He tells a great many anecdotes in regard to them, which, though current at one time, have been perhaps forgotten, and some are worth repeating. Here is one of Mr. Jefferson, and a criticism of his, which is good of its kind, and shows how excellent is his judgment. In Rip Van Winkle, when Rip comes back, he inquires of Vedder whom the sign over the tavern door is meant to represent, saying that the head of George III. used to hang there. An actor, Barry by name, had substituted for the regular words something of this kind: "Don't you know who that is? That's George Washington." Then Rip said, "Who is George Washingdown?" To which Barty replied: "He was first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." This, of course, brought down the house, and was thought admirable. When this rendering was suggested to Mr. Jefferson, at that time a very young man, his reply showed what a really great artist he was. Declining to use the words, he said: "They would be out of place spoken there, and if uttered in that situation, would most assuredly injure the remainder of the scene, if not the whole play. The minds of the audience would fly off on a patriotic rampage, and I should not be able to get them back again to a consideration of the play." "On reflection," adds Mr. Ludlow, "my friend was decidedly right." The reminiscences of that eccentric actor, Junius B. Booth, as Mr. Ludlow tells them, are very curious. On one occasion, on a market day in Louisville, Booth placed himself on the sidewalk, and improvised a stall with a board and two empty barrels. On this temporary table he placed a number of eviscerated rats. As the people passed to market he would stop them, and endeavor to persuade them that his rats were infinitely better eating than any kind of animal food they could purchase in the market, that they were much more tender than squirrels, and cleaner than hogs. Once, with a great deal of ceremony, Booth invited a clergyman to perform the last services over the deceased, and showed the minister a dead pigeon in a coffin. There is one stock story which Mr. Ludlow gives with a new rendering. It is that of the performers who played before one man as an audience. That man stood out all alone a five-act play, Tortesa, the Usurer, and would not go away, waiting for a rope dancing performance, that of Herr Cline, which was to follow. Every effort was made to get the man out of the house, but he did not understand English. He was a Spanish sailor, and he said: "I came here to see the man on the tight rope, and I have been waiting two hours, and I am not going away until I see him." At last the obdurate audience was induced to take some refreshments, and he was plied with liquor and fed with oysters until the theatre was closed for the night. The man was, however, given another ticket, and did see Herr Cline the very next night.

For men who have passed the meridian of life we know of nothing that mingles together so strangely both pain and pleasure as the reading of the play-bills of younger days. It has been truthfully said that the delights of the stage have passed away for the man who counts 40 years of life. Take the cast of an old play, and look at the dramatis personæ. You smile as imagination recalls to you all the fine women, the gallant men who figured there. That tender sympathy you felt for the heroine; that deep, abiding faith you had in the hero (that he would right the forlorn maiden), now that you are old and callous you would not for worlds wish to efface. Do you think, if you saw these people to-morrow, that the same delight would fill your soul? you who have even yawned in your salle d'orchestre at the Theatre Française, and who wonder how your son and heir can stand what you call "the trash of to-day?" Treasure your impressions of thirty or forty years ago. Remember, though, what Thackeray said: "Nobody will ever sing to you as Malibran sang, or dance for you as did Taglioni." They were good people in their day. Console yourself with the idea that actors and actresses of your time, in the first forty years of this century, had to do more themselves and depended less on artificial accessories. Our younger generation will never see a more delightful actor than Tyrone Power, a better actress than Fanny Kemble, and as for that, a more delicious danseuse than Fanny Ellsler. Are you going to forget Josephine Clifton, as handsome a woman as ever trod the stage, or the funny Chippendale, or the admirable Burton, or the humorous Placide, or the clever Hamblin, Hackett Sefton, or Mrs. Mowatt; or Clara Fisher, Eliza Logan, Ellen Tree, Celeste, Mme. Augusta, and a host of other good actors and actresses? The pain comes, when you read these old play-bills, to find that ninety-nine out of the hundred of all the people who trod the boards when you were young are dead and buried. A book like Mr. Ludlow's transports you into the far-distant past. Here are actors and actresses that looked your age when you were 18 or 20, some of whom were born in the last decade of the Eighteenth century. Was it the paint and the wigs that endowed these men and women—at least for you—with sham immortality? Were they never to die?

Mr. Ludlow's book is a most interesting study of the American stage in the West and South, commencing in 1815; and he takes one into regions which have as yet wanted the local historian. The Nestor of managers, who, if he be now alive, must be 85, has seen pass before him the whole of the American acting world. He may be a little querulous at times, when he tells us how, forty years or more ago, some opposition manager tried to crush him. But his story is well told, and brightly too. There can be no doubt that "Dramatic Life as I Found It" will be considered a valuable addition to the chronicles of the American stage.

*DRAMATIC LIFE AS I FOUND IT. A Record of Personal Experience, with an Account of the Rise and Progress of the Drama in the West and South, with anecdotes and Biographical Sketches of the Principal Actors and Actresses who have at times Appeared upon the Stage in the Mississippi Valley. By N. M. Ludlow, actor and manager for thirty-eight years. St Louis: G. I Jones & Co. 1880.

SOME YARNS.

A FEW OF WHICH WILL NO DOUBT BE REHEARSED TO THE MARINES.

["Luke Sharp" in Detroit Free Press.]

Actors are about the only class that keep scrap-books as a matter of business. Every actor keeps a scrap-book and pastes in it what is said of him by the papers. John McCullough has eight of his scrap-books now in safe-keeping in Detroit, and he has frequently said that he would not take $10,000 for them. Some actors pretend that they do not care what the papers say about them. A well-known tragedian boasts of never buying a paper. McCullough, however, makes no secret of his desire to know what the critics are saying, and when he likes an article he sends "Bob," his dresser, to buy fifty or more papers, which "Bob" does with the air of a millionaire. What does he do with so many papers? He pastes one article in his scrap-book and puts the rest where his agent can get them for use on the road.

"Bob," the dresser aforenamed, is a great character. He was a Scotch sailor in his younger days. He is still Scotch, but is no longer a sailor. McCullough has had him for twelve years. Bob makes all of McCullough's wardrobe. He can also do the finest embroidery or stitching. In fact, it would be hard to say what Bob can't do. He attends to John's wardrobe, frizzles his hair for Othello, and acts as master of the supers. And now we come to the pathetic part of this story. Bob is chief of supers in The Gladiator, but at the revolt scene he comes wildly on the stage with what appears to be a club, but which is in reality a piece of heavy rubber tubing, and he uses the weapon right and left on the defenceless supers. At Wheeling, W. Va., last season, the supers were iron-moulders from the neighboring iron-works. They were great muscular fellows, with arms like giants. W. A. McConnell and F. B. Warde got the supers aside and told them that unlimited beer would be their reward if they would seize any fiery chap who came on slashing around him with a club, and toss him up to the border lights. When Bob came on like a tempest, shouting for gore and liberty and wildly waving his club, the supers went for him and for five minutes he never touched the floor. McCullough stood amazed at the onslaught, and the audience, thinking it part of the scene, loudly applauded the vigor of the acting. What was left of Bob fled to the dressing-room as soon as he touched the floor, and the boys paid out $2 for beer.

Ben DeBar was noted for not paying princely salaries. He gave the utility man $4 a week. A utility man never gets less than $20 a week now, if there is any utility about him. Ben had the utility man sign the same sort of contract that the leading man did, and the unfortunate fellow on $4 a week subscribed with a clear conscience to a statement that he would not lend his wardrobe or help to dress amateurs, would not drink, etc. As his wardrobe usually consisted of one white shirt and two pair of socks, it is needless to say that he kept to the conditions. Mr. DeBar, however, was very generous with his own wardrobe and freely offered it to all who wished to use it. But as Ben weighed about 318 pounds, not many actors availed themselves of his liberality. All wardrobes in his St. Louis theatre were not extremely magnificent. When the green baize carpet used on the stage for garden scenes was getting worn in places, the economical Ben had it made over into hunting shirts for the supers in As You Like It. As a general thing the supers didn't like it. As Sir Walter Scott might have put it, they did not wish to be "vain carpet knights."

There is no mistaking the fact that Lawrence Barrett is very generally disliked among actors. This story is told of him: When playing Cassius it was his habit to come on as Antony and deliver the oration over Cæsar's body. In this act Cassius has little to do, and probably Mr. Barrett thought it proper to keep his hand in. But the unfortunate Antony of the night did not care to be supplanted in his most taking scene. At Louisville, Frank Roach, of Miles' Cincinnati Dramatic company, was the Mark Antony. When he stepped on the platform on one side, Barrett stepped on the platform on the other.

"I will deliver this oration," said Mr. Barrett.

"No, you won't," said Mr. Roach.

"I am accustomed to do it, sir," said the great actor, severely.

"Well, if you do it to-night," said Roach firmly, "you will act Antony all the rest of the play."

It was impossible to ring up the curtain with two Antonys wrangling over the dead body of Cæsar, so Barrett quietly stepped down and out.

Actors, even great actors, are jealous of any rivalry among the company. Barry Sullivan showed this in rather a curious manner when on his tour through this country a few years ago. At Pittsburg Ellsler's Cleveland company supported him. Mark Pendleton was the Horatio of the occasion, and he dressed as he would dress for Hamlet, under the assumption that Hamlet and Horatio were fellow collegians and comrades, and thus in all probability dressed similarly. When Mr. Sullivan saw the Horatio he ordered him to change his dress. Pendleton would not do so, and Sullivan peremptorily cut Horatio out of the play. The Pittsburgers had to stand Hamlet with Horatio left out, and no doubt that helped to bring on the dreadful riots that took place some time later.

Actors sometimes cut parts from plays just to appear odd and be talked about. It is one of the free advertising dodges. Barney Macauley got up a dramatic company to support Fechter in his first tour of this country, and as usual all the actors had contracts signed for a forty weeks' engagement. Among those contracted with were John Marble and Billy Craven, who were especially engaged as the grave-diggers in Hamlet. To the consternation of Barney, the erratic Fechter cut out the grave digging scene entirely, and did not give it during the whole forty weeks. Meanwhile Marble and Craven had high old times; they went wherever the company went, and toiled not, neither did they spin, and yet Solomon in all his glory did not have such a good time. When they would meet any of their actor comrades on the street Marble would remark loudly to Craven:

"Say, Billy, who ARE those fellows anyhow?"

"Don' know," Billy would answer. "Guess they must be some actor chaps."

The "company" would retaliate with—

"Say, boys, are you looking for a job of ditching?"

At Chatham, Ont., Davey's company played one evening while they waited for Mr. Barrett to meet them at London. The play was Camille. The company consisted of Miss Cummins, Powers, McConnell and others. There were only about sixty in the house, and the company "guyed" fearfully. Where Armand cries "Enter all," the whole company comes in. Armand says: "Do you see that woman?" and as the woman is before them they naturally answer "Yes."

Armand—Do you know what she has done?

Company—No.

Armand—Then I will tell you, etc.

At Chatham it was given as follows:

Armand—Do you see this woman?

Company, loudly—NO!

Armand—Do you know what she has done?

Company, roaring—YES!

"Then," said Armand, despondently, "I won't tell you."

The Chatham Planet said next day that the company played very well for amateurs.

A SUMMER THEATRE.

[Diary of our Columbus Correspondent.]

DAYTON, O., July 25.

Of the many attractions of this beautiful Soldiers' Home, the Phœnix Memorial Hall Pavilion is not the least. Last Winter the beautiful Memorial Hall, used almost exclusively for dramatic purposes, burned down, and although negotiations are pending for its rebuilding, that end has not yet been accomplished. In the meantime, a large three-and-a-half story wooden structure on the lawn near the band stand has been fitted for stage, scenic and dressing conveniences, with a good-sized tent adjoining, seating some twelve hundred persons. Here are presented standard plays in a really meritorious style, and by a company of excellence superior to about nine-tenths of the so-called grand combinations devastating the country during the regular season. This company, made up principally in New York and Cincinnati, is a strong one as can be seen by the following list of its members: Burton Adams, John F. Ward, Frank Tannehill, E. H. Stephens, George F. Bird, Raymond Holmes, P. Faulkner, W. J. Courtney, Helen Tracy, Dolly Woolwine, Helene Adell, Alice Baldwin, Amy Northcott and Mrs. Louisa Morse; manager, Burton Adams; stage director, George F. Bird; leader of orchestra, Prof. Max Fehrman; leader of band, Prof. D. H. Stubblebein; scenic artist, E. T. Harvey; stage machinists, Lee N. Cannon and Sam Henderson.

Such plays as Two Orphans, Rosedale, Our Boys, Ben Bolt, Moll Pitcher, Don Cæsar de Bazan, The Fireman, Captain of the Watch, are presented, and to good houses, as the prices of admission are only ten cents for residents of the Home and twenty-five for non residents. The soldiers appreciate and take advantage of this cheap amusement prepared especially for their benefit, and flock to see the sterling old dramas. It is odd to sit in the light, airy tent, witness the familiar faces on the stage, and have your attention intensely wrapped in an exciting act of the Orphans, and when the thrilling denouement is reached, you are suddenly awakened to the reality by the supers coming in and CARRYING off the scenes forcibly. The scenery, as a whole, is handsome. What a delightful Summer vacation these actors and actresses pass here, pleasantly and profitably. The Home is a beautiful place, with its miles of smooth-shaven lawns, splendid drives, numerous large lakes, abundance of magnificent flowers, wonderfully cultivated and arranged, hundreds of beautifully architectured buildings to accommodate the 3,500 soldiers now at this post—all in sight of the charming City of Dayton, whose citizens drive out every evening by thousands; in fact, it is a grand park, of which any city might well be proud, and amidst all this loveliness these professionals live, patronizing the new hotel on the grounds, enjoying the band concerts and dress parades in the evenings, previous to their contributing to the enjoyment of others.

Mr. Adams and Miss Tracy are very much liked by the Daytonites, and are decided favorites with all who see them.—Ward proves an excellent comedian.—Raymond Holmes, late of the Weathersby-Goodwin Froliques, is doing splendidly and making rapid strides in his profession.—Dolly Woolwine is an attractive young lady, sharing the honors most of the time with Helen Tracy.—Performances are given about three evenings a week, with matinees on off-days to accommodate the many excursionists who are there nearly every day.—Everything is delightful, and the season ought to prove a big success.

DRIFTWOOD.

The story of the death of the elder Booth, as told by Mr. James H. Simpson, who lives now in Salem, N. J., and who was a perfect stranger to him, is very graphic. He narrates the incident as follows:

"I had taken passage on the steamer J. W. Chenoworth from New Orleans to Cincinnati, at the same time that Booth did, though at the time unknown to me save by reputation. We had been one day out from New Orleans when I noticed a man walking back and forth in the saloon, with his hands behind him, his head bowed in deep thought. I sat observing him closely, trying to recollect when and where I had seen him, for that I had certainly seen that man I was fully convinced. A gentleman came to me and remarked: 'That is the tragedian, Booth.' I then remembered having seen him in his last play at the St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans. The second day out he was absent from the saloon, and, on inquiry, I found that he was confined to his stateroom very sick. Well knowing the careless regard strangers have on those boats for one that is sick, I at once visited his room, apologizing for my intrusion, and offered my services to him in any manner that might be useful. After scanning me with a look of penetration and surprise that I can never forget, he accepted the offer. On examining his room I found that he had been neglected. I immediately called the porter, had the room cleaned out, clean linen put on him and on the bed; ordered some gruel made for him, as he was too weak for stronger nourishment, but there was no medical attention at hand, and he wasted away very fast. The third day after he was taken he could not turn over without help. I saw that he was getting in a hopeless condition, and thinking to stimulate his energies, gave him some brandy and water, having to saturate a rag and place it between his teeth, his jaws having become rigid, but on tasting it he made an an effort to remove it from his lips, and spoke with difficulty, 'No more in this world.' I saw that he had no hopes of living, and felt anxious in regard to his hope for the future, but being a young man and an entire stranger, I felt it to be a very delicate situation for one of my experience, but with a mental prayer that I might be sustained, I commenced by asking him if he had a wife? He answered with a look of astonishment and an emphatic 'Certainly I have.' I then asked him if he had any message to send her, but I could not understand him; but he seemed to say, in his look and features, 'Oh, that I could talk!' But, poor man, his power of utterance was so impaired that he could scarcely utter a word distinctly. He attempted to tell me of his travels in California, but I could understand nothing but that he had suffered a great deal and been exposed very much. On the fourth day after he was taken I asked him if I should read to him from my Testament. He seemed anxious that I should, when I selected an encouraging chapter and read, while he gave the deepest attention. I then asked him if I might pray for him. His eyes became dim with moisture, and he signified his consent, while I knelt beside his bunk and besought the Great Father of us all, before whom he was so shortly to appear, to receive him, though at this late hour, for the sake of Him that died that sinners might trust in His mercy. He seemed very grateful, and attempted to put his arms around my neck as I bent over him to smooth his pillow.

"On the fifth day, about one o'clock, he died. I was with him all the morning until the bell rang for dinner, when he repeated the words several times, distinctly: 'Pray, pray, pray!' accompanied with a beseeching look. We were then below Louisville, Ky., where, upon arriving, the captain procured a metallic coffin and telegraphed to his wife in Baltimore to meet the corpse in Cincinnati, which she did, taking it to Baltimore for interment."

Dormeuil's debut in management was marked by a stroke of genius. There were then in Paris two dramatic authors, both well known and of equal merit, but whose opposite qualities were thought by every one unlikely ever to blend—Dumanoir and Bayard. Dumanoir was a thorough gentleman, as correct in style as he was in his person, who possessed, and even affected in his speech and writings for the stage, a refined and delicate turn of mind. It was said of him in Paris that his plays, like his linen, smelled of lavender or bergamot. Bayard, on the other hand, who would hew his plays as with a hatchet, had all the gift of versatility; but his style was rough, and his levity often verged on licentiousness. Dormeuil conceived the idea of bringing them together; this was as good as trying to harness an English thoroughbred in the same shafts with a horse of the huge Percheron breed. The odds were against the team pulling together; but it turned out that Dormeuil was not mistaken in his conception. He did not stop to listen to the objections raised by the two authors, but followed his bent; the event proved him to be right. They signed an engagement to supply him every year with two plays each, one of these to consist of several acts. He secured by this means a goodly fund of stock plays. For the rest he trusted to current production—a piece coaxed here and there out of Scribe, the successful author of the Vaudeville, brought by the well-known playwrights Brazier, Melesvilla, De Courcy, Rozier, or others, whose names it is unnecessary to mention. Then came the question of getting a company together. Nothing is more difficult in these days, for the number of actors thoroughly up to their business has considerably decreased—they may almost be said to have disappeared. Then, however, the only difficulty was to choose.

M. Dormeuil was, nevertheless, happy in his choice. In the composition of his first company figure the names of many actors whom our fathers, by dint of extolling them, taught us to esteem; as well as a few more whom we ourselves applauded later on, while in the zenith of their celebrity. Thus, in the opening, people could see on the bill Lepeintre, Sr., who excelled in the part of a soldier-farmer; Sainville, a comedian with a sympathetic yet incisive and joyous voice; Boutin, whose natural acting, discreet and refined, put old play-goers in mind of Tiercelin; Paul Mine, a most original comic; and, among actresses, Mme. Theodore and Mme. Lili Bourguoin, who turned our fathers' heads. This first nucleus was shortly afterward joined by Alcide Tousez, destined to make his way very soon to the first place among comics, and whose mad drollery is simply inimitable; l'Heritier, then a young man, and now at the head of the company, his three-score and twelve notwithstanding. Then—a circumstance that will astonish English people—Samson and Regnier, the two illustrious members of the Comedie Francais, the incomparable comedians, appeared on the boards of the Palais-Royal. Que voulez-vous!

"Souvent la parodie est tout pres du sublime,
Et le Palais-Royal du Theatre-Francais,"

as was sung in a piece reviewing the events of the year.

Finally, there came one who was to be the shining light of the young theatre, the wonderful actress whose name became a household word throughout Europe—Virginie Dejazet. The regular engagement of this charming actress, who had seemed unable to settle down anywhere, is the masterstroke of M. Dormeuil's management. She had wandered from theatre to theatre, everywhere exciting the envy and jealousy of the female portion of the house, who got rid of her either by slow and underhand means, or drove her out openly. Her strange destiny had hitherto led her by turns from success to success, and from disappointment to disappointment. She had been compelled on two occasions to beat a retreat before the ill will her wonderful success could not fail to exasperate. Taking refuge in the provinces, she had resigned herself to the task of winning the hearts of country audiences.—[Francisque Sarcey, in Nineteenth Century.

Parisians who can afford to pay for the occasional luxury of going to the theatre seldom besiege the play-houses on the nights of gratis performances. These entertainments are left to the impecunious million, and a wonderful sight it is to see the formidable queues which wind round about the entrance to the Grand Opera on such occasions as this. Workingmen will sometimes stand five or six hours in the queue waiting for the doors to open, and by way of making the time pass they will play cards, make al fresco meals, or chorus popular songs. When at length the doors open there is a grand rush; but it is not a rough, unruly one, and the efforts of the well trained policemen on duty are generally equal to preventing more than 200 or 300 people from going in at a time. The rule is first come first served. All the chairs have been taken out of the boxes, and as many persons are crammed into the boxes as can conveniently be held. The chairs in the stalls and dress circle, and the benches in the galleries remain, so that the occupents of these places are at least sure of passing a comfortable evening. Only three boxes are reserved as a rule—the manager's, that of the municipality and a third box set apart for journalists or distinguished personages who desire to see the fun of a grand opera performed before a truly plebeian audience. The sight is certainly a curious one. Blouses and shirt sleeves, caps and printed cotton gowns, taking the place of dress clothes, silks, satins and diamonds, offer a striking contrast to the gilding and general wealth of the finest theatre in the world. Nevertheless the democratic audience is one which singers and actors prefer to any other. At the decorous Theatre Francais, Odeon, the homes of national tragedy and comedy; at the Vaudeville and Gymnase, where high comedy is cultivated; at the Palais Royal, temple of broad farce; at the Folies Dramatiques, Renaissance, Bouffes, Fantaisies and Opera Comique, where operettas and comic operas are performed, and at the Ambigu, and Porte Saint-Martin, which deal in melodrama, the cry of the stage-players is the same: "Give us gratis audiences." This means "Give them us for once in a way," of course, for it may be doubted whether any actress would care to sing or play night after night before audiences frantic with enthusiasm and by no means discriminating in their applause. On gratis nights every song with a tuneful tingle receives the honor of an encore, and has to be repeated sometimes twice and thrice, with a heavy chorus from the whole audience. On the other hand, the second-rate performers on these nights fare **bu** poorly, being sometimes chaffed with a banter which is more amusing to the dispassioned listener than pleasant to the victim.

Mr. Hueffer, in his small but well filled volume, "Musical Studies," reviews the life and discusses the genius of Beethoven, Chopin and Wagner; gives a very interesting account of Herr Wagner's latest works, and of the Baireuth Festival at which they were performed; sketches the history and actual constitution of the great musical academies of Continental Europe; discourses learnedly and most ingeniously on the philosophy of Schopenhauer and its not too apparent connexion with the music of Wagner.

A good portion, and, as many will think, the best portion, of Mr. Hueffer's book is devoted to the philosophy of music; and he is quite right in insisting on the fact that music has of late years, and especially in England, been too much studied in its physical, and too little in its metaphysical aspect. "It was in the impromptu, the nocturne, the etude and the valse," writes Mr. Hueffer, "that Chopin felt most at home; and these graceful forms he filled and made alive with the intensity of his passion and sorrow. It was here also that he became the interpreter of his country's grief, and nowhere is the tragic fate of Poland expressed more pathetically than in the striking and yet so inexpressibly melancholy rythms of Chopin's polonaises and mazurkas."

Herr Wagner, as Mr. Hueffer assures us, was never much interested in politics; but this did not prevent him from taking an active part in the revolutionary movement of 1848, for he was "in a state of morbid disappointment caused by the unfavorable reception of his works at the large theatres, and still more by the thoroughly inartistic cliquism by which most of these institutions were governed." It was not, however, from the democracy but from the crowned heads of Germany that Herr Wagner was to obtain recognition and support. At the very moment of the revolutionary outbreak he was conductor of the Royal Opera at Berlin, and, thanks to his position, had been able to bring out several of his own works at that establishment. Flying from Dresden after the failure of the insurrection, he went to Weimar, where, at the Court Theatre, he found Liszt conducting a rehearsal of Tannhauser. Everyone knows what an intelligent and munificent patron he met with some years later in the King of Bavaria. He has had no more enthusiastic admirer than the blind King of Hanover. The Emperor William, though not much of a musician, expressed on one occasion to Herr Wagner the high opinion he entertained of his ability as a conductor, and his Majesty figured conspicuously among the subscribers to the fund for defraying the expenses of the Baireuth festival. Finally, the opportunity of testing the question whether Tannhauser was a work that could be appreciated by a Parisian audience was secured for Herr Wagner by one of the most agreeable despots of his time, the late Emperor Napoleon.

Seeing Liszt conduct Tannhauser, "I was astonished," wrote Herr Wagner a few years afterward, "on recognizing my second self in his achievement. What I had felt in inventing this music he felt in performing it; what I wanted to express in writing it down he said in making it sound." Nothing better, nothing nearly so good, as this was ever before said as to the true functions of a conductor.

Henry Irving seems to share the opinion so common in all ranks of lyric and dramatic art abroad, that this country will purchase entertainment or amusement at almost any price, and that American managers will incur the risk of bankruptcy any time to secure a European celebrity. He has some reason for his opinion, since nearly all the actors and actresses from the days of Maria Malibran and Fanny Elssler to those of Ristori and Salvini have received for coming hither sums positively fabulous compared with those they have been accustomed to in Europe. These sums have so steadily and rapidly increased that what was paid twenty years ago would seem now to be paltry. When Barnum agreed to pay Jenny Lind $1,000 a night for 150 nights, everybody, even on this side of the sea, thought him little less than crazy, and were astounded to learn that the great showman had cleared at least $200,000 by the hazardous engagement. He established such a precedent for extravagant figures that nearly every performer abroad who is now approached by an American manager wants $1,000 for each appearance, although in his own land he may never have earned one-fifth of that amount, and would never have had the temerity to ask it. Henry Irving has long had his pecuniary eye fixed on the Republic, with the idea of bagging a fortune here when English audiences have grown a little weary of him. But his ideas of compensation exceed those of any of his predecessors. Recently sounded on the subject of playing in the United States by a friend of a New York manager, he mentioned, after some deliberation, as his lowest terms, $2,500 a night, with other expenses, which would have raised the sum to $3,000. This ended, as may be inferred, all attempt at negotiation, and Irving is said to have been surprised that his moderate rates were not instantaneously acceded to. He is confident, it is reported, that he will yet be urged to visit America professionally at those prices, and that he is not at all sure that he will not then demand more. Within a few weeks, as the story goes, an acquaintance met Irving at a club, and asked him when he was going to America. He put his hat between his knees, and replied: "When they fill this full of sovereigns to pay me for each time I open my mouth." Irving has so extraordinary an estimate of himself as to amuse many of his associates, who aver that he not only ranks himself as the first of living actors, but as the greatest actor in history. He declares, in effect, that Talma and Garrick could not have been in any sense his equal. Critical opinion of Irving, even in London, differs very widely as to his talent. Many competent critics consider him no Shakespercan artist at all.

Herald interview: I never was more agreeably disappointed in the appearance of a person than when Sara smilingly and merrily tripped—I would almost have said danced—into the room, which, by the way, was so littered up with gigantic ships and crowns of flowers that it was quite a puzzle to know where to sit down without crushing them. She looked infinitely fresher, brighter and prettier than I had ever seen her on the stage. Her photographs are perfect caricatures, every one of them. They give no idea of those wondertully clear, translucent, great blue eyes, with their now soft and melting and now keen and penetrating glance; of her fresh and fair complexion, which on the stage is hidden under a horrid mask of thick paint; of her beautiful light hair, which lacks just a shade of being golden and is curled in the most graceful and artistic fashion; of her tender and sensitive mouth, the slightest motion of which is full of character and expression. I had never considered her pretty. I now, after a most careful and painstaking inspection, decidedly thought her so. She was charmingly dressed, too, and her thinness of person, which is so generally remarked, but which she ridicules herself, was most artistically disguised. The waves of lace and ruffle which fell about her neck appeared to hide a bust worthy of Diana herself. I wish I could describe her dress. "To know her is a liberal education," was once said of a famous woman. To describe her dress would mean a liberal education in every ramification of the science of dressmaking, which, alas! has been denied me.

She gave me her hand with a cordial grip and the most amiable smile, and with that coquettish and rollicking playfulness which makes her such an amusing person to talk to. She clapped her hands, and said to one of her admirers who had followed her into the room: "Now go—go downstairs; we must be alone;" upon which summary dismissal the disappointed soupiron disconsolately vanished.

There is a good story current in regard to genial Dan Frohman, the acting manager of the Madison Square, and the new play which Anna Dickinson is preparing for Fanny Davenport. Frohman, so the story goes, received a telegram from Miss Dickinson asking him to come and hear the play; was very much flattered by this tribute to his judgment, and had his pride turned to bitterness by the information that, as the heroine of the play was a Jewess, Miss Dickinson and Miss Davenport wished to consult him as to certain peculiarities and rituals of the chosen race, so as to get the details correct. When Frohman learned that he was to be consulted, not as a literary critic or a dramatic authority, but as a Hebrew, his blood boiled with indignation. "Why did they bother me about it?" he exclaimed. "Why didn't they telegraph to August Belmont?" If the story be not true it ought to be, for the Belmont touch is delicious.

Parisian: The "reporters" have told us strange tales about Francisque Sarcey, the famous dramatic critic of Le Temps and the fiery polemist of the XIXieme Siecle. Like Mme. de Maintenon and Mme. de Pompadour, we are told, Sarcey has his petits levees, which are soothed by the presence of charming little actresses anxious to have their talents consecrated by a stroke of the mighty critic's pen. The truth is that Sarcey is a bon bourgeois who, happily for himself, believes that the Comedie-Francaise in the salvation of France and the center of the universe, and that he, Sarcey, has been appointed by a wise Providence to watch over the interests and progress of that antique and glorious institution.

Sarcey was born in 1827. In 1848 he entered the Ecole Normale, the nursery of the French professorate, where his companions were Taine, Edmond About and Alfred Assolant. In due course, he became a professor, and was sent successively to various provincial towns, but he was not humble toward his superiors, and he contracted the precocious habit of contributing to the newspapers, under a pseudonym, contrary to all the rules and observances of pedagogy. In 1859 he came to Paris, and thanks to the protection of Edmond About he became a writer in the old Figaro.

Sarcey is one of the most successful lecturers we have in Paris It was just before the war that he made his debut as a conferencier. He had chosen as his subject, "Convention on the Stage." The little theatre of the Athenee-Comique was full. At the back of the stage was an organ, raised up on a kind of dais. Sarcey, who is very short-sighted, proceeded to mount the steps leading up to the organ; the manager of the lectures rushed after him, seized him by the coat-tails, and led him to a little table in front of the footlights. The audience was in a roar. Sarcey, discountenanced, began his discourse; his emotion got the better of him; he stammered and hesitated, and perspired, and then with that frankness and thorough honesty which is one of the charms of his character and the secret of his success, he took his great hirsute head in his hands and declared that he could not find words to express himself. He had, he said, plenty of ideas, but he had lost them; doubtless they would come back in the course of the evening. Then he began to talk about things in general in a free and easy way. Since this queer debut Sarcey has practiced and polished himself. When he first began to write on the stage his articles were leaden, but having had the benefit of a thorough classical and literary education, and being as familiar with Cicero as he is with Bossuet, Voltaire or Diderot, Sarcey has not been content to flounder along anyway. Mr. Henry James, Jr., in some otherwise just remarks about Sarcey, says that if "Mr. Sarcey praises a play the play has a run; and if Mr. Sarcey says that it will not do it does not do at all." With all due deference to Mr. James' judgment we must say that this is not the case; Sarcey has over and over again acknowledged the incapacity of the critic to foresee the destiny of a play.

In our opinion, Sarcey shows to perhaps greater advantage as a lecturer than he does as a dramatic critic. Every Thursday night, except during the hot Summer months, he gathers round him at the Salle des Capucines a choice and faithful audience, before whom he develops in an agreeable, often witty and always intensely racy and individual causerie, his opinions on men, books, authors, actors and what not. As far as the possession of that sovereign but sometimes obstructive quality will permit, Sarcey has no prejudices. All he asks in innovators is talent, and nothing gives him greater pleasure than to admire.

Sarcey is not a handsome man, nor of goodly stature. On the contrary, he is short, thick-set and rotund. His head is large, his nose somewhat flat, his eyes brown and with that veiled look which is characteristic of near-sighted people. His mouth is that of an epicurean, and is surrounded by a short and thick gray beard.

We will conclude with a curious personal detail. For many years past a lady who writes anonymously has kept up a constant correspondence with Sarcey—we should perhaps say rather monologue, for he has never replied. She sends him ideas and facts about all the subjects on which he writes. As soon as he announces that he intends to discuss such and such a subject, either in the XIXieme Siecle or in a lecture, the anonymous lady at once sends him notes and often makes extensive researches which he could never make himself. Sarcey has whole drawers full of the letters of this lady, but he has not the slightest idea who she may be, nor has he ever sought to lift the veil under which she conceals her valuable collaboration. Sarcey gallantly confesses that he owes to this lady much of what little knowledge of women he possesses.

A "walking gentleman's" part is regarded by the world as one of the easiest in the business to play. You dress like a gentleman in the latest fashion, talk like a gentleman and look as much like a gentleman as possible. Just so! But how few can do this? That ease and grace which characterize the perfect gentleman are more difficult to acquire and display than many a person would think. Some people never attain them; others possess them only after hard study and practice. A few are naturally endowed thus. If, then, the "walking gentleman's" requirements are so important and hard to fulfill, what must those of the "juvenile men and women" of our stage be? These young people, if we may so call them, get old before they are really capable of portraying youth, for they need to be familiar with every peculiarity and idiosyncracy of young men and women in general before they can illustrate them. Good juveniles are very scarce nowadays. We have a few, however, and they command high salaries. Juveniles to be useful must be well educated, cultured, handsome and versatile. This being the case, we can readily understand the sparseness of their numbers in this country, where rarely, if ever, do individuals prepare for the theatrical profession. We venture to say that six out of ten of the young men and women in this city believe that they can act any juvenile part they have ever seen, and, therefore, do not consider preparation for that walk of the profession necessary. They were never more mistaken in their lives. Juvenile men and women should be all that is engaging and graceful, and should study to win the hearts of the spectators and to hold them. Nothing short of art will enable them to do this, and art is the result of study and appreciation. We would not therefore observe that the clever juvenile men and women of our stage are scarce, because our young actors and actresses are either lazy or conceited. Let them brush up and work if they want to win fame.

London Telegraph: Some six weeks ago a lively young crocodile contrived one night to effect its escape from Josepha Choikowa's traveling menagerie, then exhibiting at Kuschwarda, and all the efforts made to discover its hiding-place in the neighboring brooks and ponds proving fruitless, its proprietress, after three days' search, gave it up as irretrievably lost, and departed on her further professional rounds. A month later the smith of Salnau, a village not far from Kuschwarda, was strolling home toward evening through the rain when he suddenly espied, lying in a huge puddle on the high road, what he at first took to be a drunken man prostrate and helpless. Upon wading into the mud, with the charitable intention of extricating the recumbent one from so miry a bed, he perceived to his astonishment that the object of his solicitude was the missing crocodile. Nothing daunted, he fastened a rope around the saurian's scaly body behind its shoulders, and led it along until he met a cart, into which, with the assistance of the driver, he managed to lift it. The crocodile made no resistance, but followed its captor as meekly as though it had been a tame dog tied to a string. On subsequent examination it was found to have increased in size and weight during its spell of liberty, and to be, for a crocodile, in excellent health and spirits. What it had fed upon while roaming about the country, and how it had kept out the cold during the chilly nights of May and June, are still mysteries to its owner, who has joyfully recovered possession of her truant.

The London World says: "When Mr. Boucicault's letter from Margate, acknowledging that he had derived the plot of Forbidden Fruit from a French source, was read to the audience, a cynic in the stalls muttered: 'Margate? I thought he was at Oberammergau! At all events this is Dion's first appearance in the character of a Penitent Thief.'" Figaro, concerning the play, is disposed to be indulgent, and while asking Mr. Boucicault to name in the bills the source to which he is indebted for his "capital three-act farce," says: "The third act of Forbidden Fruit is almost word for word translated from Le Premier Coup de Canif, and the restaurant scene as presented on the Adelphi stage supplies the vignette printed on the title page of the musty old French brochure. Though I am firmly resolved to expose the pilfering of our dramatists who do not themselves acknowledge the source whence their 'new' plays are derived, I will not be unjust to Mr. Boucicault. He has admirably adapted Le Premier Coup de Canif, and the English farce is a great improvement upon the original."

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Chanfrau celebrated the twenty-second anniversary of their wedding at their Long Branch cottage last Friday evening. Among the many members of the dramatic profession present were Mr. and Mrs. Paddock (Maggie Mitchell), Manager Henderson, of the Standard Theatre, and family; Dr. and Mrs. Hamilton Griffin, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Floyd, Mr. and Mrs. Albaugh, Mr. and Mrs. Nap. Lothian, Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Barrymore, Senor Torriani and sister, Mrs. Edwin Adams, Miss Blanche Roosevelt, the prima-donna, Miss Margaret Lanner, lately of Daly's Broadway Theatre, Mr. G. W. Wilton, Mr. and Mrs. Tilton of Chicago, and others. The occasion was made enjoyable by recitations, music and anecdote, such as professionals always have in excellent command.

Germany can justly boast of having produced the smallest married couple that ever stood before an altar, in the persons of a miniature Marquis and Marchioness, who have for some time past been exhibited on the Place Duez Theatre, at Odeas. The Marquis is a native of Kiel, is 30 years old and weighs only nineteen pounds, while his fairy-like consort, a young lady of 22, just turns the scale at thirteen pounds. Although they are both German-born wonders, leased by their parents to traveling showmen at an early age, they never happened to meet at the fairs of their native land. But a year ago the Marquis, being on exhibition at Moscow, while Fraulein Lelli was starring at St. Petersburg, they became aware of one another's existence through reading the newspaper notices, and entered into a correspondence, which soon led to a rendezvous and ultimately to the contraction of a matrimonial engagement. Now they take their professional rounds together, and are saving their earnings with the object of retiring into private life in the Fatherland.

Joseph Mayer, the leading character in the Oberammergau Passion Play, Germany, has sent Mr. James O'Neill (who took the same part when Salmi Morse's piece was produced in San Francisco) his photograph, to which he has subscribed his own and Mr. O'Neill's name. This is rather a notable incident—a new method of evangelization.

SANTLEY.—The eminent English baritone has been received into the Catholic Church, and now devotes his leisure time to the musical instruction of a Catholic choir.

FANNY DAVENPORT AT HILLSIDE.

A MIRROR MAN'S VISIT TO HER COUNTRY-SEAT—HER BOOKS, PICTURES, STATUARY AND HORSES—A CHAT ABOUT HER NEXT SEASON'S WORK.

When I stepped from the platform of a car on the Niagara express, at Canton, Pa., one day last week, there was no public conveyance to be seen near the station. A query directed at a sort of cast-iron depot-master elicited no satisfaction whatever, and I was about reconciling my mind to a half-mile tramp under the hot noonday sun to my destination, when a stylish phaeton drove up, drawn by a pair of sleek, black horses, neatly handled by Miss May Davenport. The moment she caught sight of me she uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"I was just on the point of starting go-as-you-please fashion," said I, "to Hillside, but if you've room for another I should most decidedly prefer driving to walking, and as this is my first visit to Canton, I'd like very much to have you point out the various points of interest on the way."

"Jump in!" replied Miss May, and in a moment we were dashing at a ten-miles-an-hour pace out of the village.

"Is it hot in the city?" inquired my fair whip.

Everybody out of town for the Summer puts that question first to the scorched cityite.

"Not at all," I responded sardonically, "it's delightfully cool and comfortable." And then my thoughts wandered away for a moment to a certain office in Union Square, intimately associated with ink and heat and MIRROR "copy." But my wandering and irrelevant reflections were changed to pleasanter thoughts as I became imbued with the exhilaration of the pure mountain air.

"That off-horse is a beauty, Miss May; and so is the other, although his build is a trifle heavy."

"They were given to Fanny last Summer by my mother as a wedding present."

Over a picturesque mountain road we whirled, past a number of pretty little white cottages, nestling in among the hills, which gave to each an air of massive protection and security, all bearing an air of humble prosperity and pastoral comfort.

"You go to the Boston Museum next season, I believe?"

"Yes, and it will not be long before active work commences. The company will be very strong. Rose Eytinge has been secured for the leading heavy parts in place of Miss Morant. Annie Clarke and she will make a combination whose strength it would be hard to find elsewhere."

"You like Boston?" I asked.

"Very much—better than any city I have played in. Everything and everybody about the Museum is pleasant."

At this juncture we reached the top of a long hill that we had been ascending, and a handsome gabled house, surrounded by a smooth sloping lawn and shady trees, came into view.

"'Crockett Lodge,'" explained Miss Davenport as we trotted by. Beneath a big sun-umbrella upon the lawn beside a baby-carriage sat a pleasant-faced lady who nodded to my driver: "That is Mrs. Frank Mayo."

In a moment we came upon another residence—a low, comfortable-looking house, with every window canopied by a gayly-striped awning. It wanted but a lake and a few pomegranates to make it the counterpart of an Italian villa. From the windows of her house, as far as the eye can reach, Mrs. E. L. Davenport can look out upon woods and fields and meadows, and truly say that she is monarch of all she surveys.

"Mother calls it 'Davenport Cottage;' before father died it went by the name of 'Lilly Villa,'" said Miss May. And then she called my attention to another direction, pointing with her whip, to a Vandyke-brown, seven-gabled cottage, with an overhanging porch and broad verandas. "That is 'Hillside,' my sister Fanny's place."

This was my destination, my object being to get a description of Fanny Davenport's Summer house for the readers of THE MIRROR.

The approach or drive that leads to the house was short but serpentine in its windings. It was but a moment before we had stopped under a porte cocher, and I had assisted Miss May to the ground.

She ushered me to a broad-armed Quaker rocking-chair upon the piazza, and left to inform the hostess of my arrival. From where I sat I could look forth over broad fields of grain and orchards which will soon be deep-fruited, across the valley filled with thriving Pennsylvania farm-houses, to the ridge of blue hills on the other side, which were dotted here and there with the shadows of the light, fleecy clouds that sailed over the horizon.

Just then the well-known voice of Fanny Davenport was heard from above, exclaiming:

"Good gracious, May, has a reporter found his way up here?"

"Hus-s-s-h, Fanny; he's just downstairs."

This my readers will admit was not particularly conducive to comfort.

I began to have serious thoughts of fleeing back to the station and embarking on the first train for New York, when May Davenport appeared and led me—like a lamb—into a cosy parlor. It was one of the prettiest rooms I had ever seen. The floor of polished oak, bordered by blue and white tiles of six inches width, was covered in the centre by a Turkish rug. The furniture was of Japanese bamboo, handsomely upholstered in embroidered cloth. A Weber Square stood in one corner. Upon a small centre-table stood an Ethiopian boy holding a tray filled with bundles of cigarettes and manila cigars. A great deal of taste was manifested in the choice of pictures which hung upon the walls. Among others that caught my attention were copies of the companion engravings "The Wedding-Morning" and "The Christening." Two large paintings, an "Autumn Walk" and a "Shady Walk," gave a cool look to the room. A couple of mammoth Japanese vases filled with grasses, a Dresden china clock and side ornaments, a music-stand and several statuettes, completed the list of prominent objects. A pair of lion-headed brass andirons stood in a blue-tiled fireplace. Magazines and papers that were scattered about showed that a busy artist can never become quite a recluse.

A rustling of curtains (there were only portieres—no doors to be seen) proclaimed the approach of Miss Fanny Davenport. She entered, but before I go any further, in order to gratify the curiosity of some of our lady friends, I will describe the dress she wore.

It was a very simple costume of some thin, white material. The sleeves were not too long, but just long enough to display to advantage her finely moulded arm; at the neck the dress was thrown back a little, and then caught together below the throat by a bunch of freshly-picked field daisies. Her hair was combed simply back and held in a knot by a comb. Particularly did I notice the absence of jewelry in her toilette.

"Won't you come into the library, which is much cooler than the morning-room," she said, "and, beside, I wish you to see my pictures and books."

I proceeded to follow her, as she wished, and she continued:

"I trust you will pardon the impatient exclamation I made to my sister a moment ago, but I do so dislike blending business with pleasure. Through the Summer I like to forget that there is a play, a theatre, an actor, or a critic. Not that for a moment I wish you to think I dislike anything connected with the stage; but it drives me into a state of anxiety to be reminded of all that I have to do next Fall. But here—this is not showing you the library."

And we entered that sanctum at once. The first object that my eye happened upon was a copy of the NEW YORK MIRROR on the literary table.

"I see that our paper reaches you. Doesn't it conjure up thoughts about these very things that you wish to forget?"

"Yes, but it's such a pleasant and welcome reminder, and treats everybody with such fairness and consideration, that I should feel quite lost without it—even during the Summer."

Then I expressed a desire to look at the pictures, and Miss Davenport proceeded to point out the several treasures of her collection.

First, I looked at a very old print of Garrick, which Miss Davenport said was extremely valuable notwithstanding its very leathery and indistinct appearance; another of Peg Woffington, in a strange-looking fly-away hat; and one also of Miss O'Neill, the great English so-called "emotional" actress of former days.

"Miss Clara Morris fills her place in our time," interjected Miss Davenport.

These old stagers hung in a group upon one side of the bookcase; over the latter was a large engraving of Charles Dickens. On the opposite side in a group were Edwin Forrest, Charlotte Cushman, Rachel, and E. L. Davenport as Sir Giles Overreach in A New Way to Pay Old Debts. It will be seen that by this arrangement the old and the modern actors were separated. A large German engraving, having for its subject "The Death of Julius Cæsar," was on another wall, side by side with Gerome's Shadow of the Cross. A charming portrait of Mrs. Siddons, Napoleon I., and a small engraving of Marie Antoinette finished the list of pictures.

Upon a pedestal in a corner was a large bust of Miss Davenport's father as Brutus. Small heads of Southey, Dickens, Byron, Thackeray and Shakespeare were placed upon the three sections that composed the bookcase, and a half-size figure of Dante ornamented the study table.

Then the books attracted my attention.

"I notice that you have one set of shelves entirely devoted to works upon the Great Napoleon. Have you any particular love for his memory?" I asked.

"It is my desire to gather together a Napoleonic library. I have the greatest admiration for his genius, his achievements, and his will-power. Here are the 'Memoirs of Anne Oldfield' published long ago, which is a great curiousity in its way. And here, you see, are in print the lives and histories of nearly every actor known to fame."

"How did you find time to collect so extensive a library?" I questioned.

"I did it in this way," she answered: "When I first went to New York I received a very small salary, but I made it an invariable rule to purchase every week a book or a set of books, as the case might be. This practice I continued for the six or seven years that I was located in New York, and in that time brought together the greater part of the volumes you see here. Would you like to look at my book of autographs? Here it is."

And looking over the pages I found letters from Charles Dickens, Wilkie Collins, Charles Reade, Henry Irving, Edwin Booth, the late Planche, Charlotte Cushman, Adelaide Neilson, Boucicault, John Brougham (with a picture and some original verses, which had accompanied a present of a fan from the dear old man to Miss Davenport, called "Fan to fan."); a letter in French from Christine Nilsson, one from Sardou, and another from George Henry Lewes, the late husband of George Eliot. Upon the library table were scattered manuscripts, plays, parts, newspapers, and magazines.

Having seen the library, we passed through the hall to the piazza again. On the way I noticed a life-size oil-painting of E. L. Davenport as Benedick in Much Ado, in company with several other smaller ones in other characters. On the veranda it was shady, and a cool breeze passing through the honeysuckle-vines and trellis at one end made the spot truly delightful.

"How about next season, and your new play?" I asked of Miss Davenport.

"It is rather premature to say much about the play. It will be very pleasant to act again in the theatre where all my successes have been recorded. It is nearly three years since I have played at any theatre in New York, except a West side house. It was three years ago next month, you remember, that I produced Will's Olivia at the Union Square."

"To what do you ascribe the failure of that piece, which had gained a most flattering success in London?"

"I am sure I don't know, unless it was that our public had no desire to see a drama of such pastoral simplicity. They may admire innocence and all that, but they are not willing to pay $1.50 to see it exemplified on the boards."

"That is to say that they want it so long as they can get it for nothing. What may I say about your labors for next season? Are you hard at work already?"

"Assure my friends and the public——.'

"The terms are synonymous," I interrupted.

Miss Davenport smiled.

"Tell my friends, then, that I shall do in the future all that I have in the past to deserve their favor and approbation."

"I know it has become as great a crime as quoting Pinafore to ask anything about Bernhardt, but tell me truly, what do you think of her?"

"That she is without exception the most extraordinary woman that was ever born. She will receive a warm welcome from the Americans, because she is a stranger, a woman, and the most-talked-of actress on the stage. After she appears, she will be obliged to stand on a more legitimate foundation—her true artistic merits. The coffin and skeleton canards are sheer nonsense. As a cheap advertising medium both have been effectually manifested. If I considered that dragging about a skeleton would do me as much good as it has done Bernhardt, I should order a nice one sent me from Bellevue immediately."

I looked at my watch, and found it was nearly train-time.

"Oh, you mustn't go until you've had a bit of luncheon, and inspected my stables."

And then a major-domo, as black as the ace of spades, appeared, wearing a white cook's cap and a long apron. He drew out a table and brought forth from the pantry an array of such good things, that would have caused Dr. Tanner and George Francis Train to forswear fasting and oat-meal diet for ever. In speaking of the aforesaid child of Ethiope, Miss Davenport said: "Basil is invaluable to me. He accompanied Gen. Grant on his tour around the world, when he acquired a knowledge of the culinary art that serves me in good stead."

Judging from that lunch, I came to the conclusion that the ex-President and great General knows that a talented chef is quite essential to the comfort of a bon-vivant.

The stables were but a short distance from the house, and with her dress tucked up under an arm, Miss Davenport walked in and out of the stalls, rubbing the horses' noses, and giving each a great deal too much sugar to meet with the approval of the hostler. Everything was fixed with a view to their comfort. The newest appliances in the way of feeding apparatus, and the perfect sanitary arrangements, would have made Bergh's black eyes sparkle had he been there to see. I had a draught of pure, cold mountain water from a cocoanut gourd, which hung by a spring hard by—how I should like another taste of it to-day—and then I prepared to start for the station.

"What! You don't intend to be driven over? You prefer walking?" ejaculated Miss Davenport.

"I want to get a good view of the scenery as I go back, and there is plenty of time before the express is due," I replied.

As I passed out at the gate, Miss Blanche Davenport and Mr. Price cantered by returning from a horseback ride.

PERSONAL.

CHAPMAN.—Will E. Chapman is in Connecticut.

THAYER.—Kate Thayer is at the Morton House, Greenwich.

WARNER.—There are rumors floating about that John Warner has shaved his face.

EYTINGE.—Rose Eytinge goes to the Boston Museum next season, in place of Fanny Morant.

BURVILLE.—Alice Burville will come over from England to replace Eliza Weathersby in Hobbies.

CHAPMAN.—Ed. Chapman, who was with Colville last season, will appear with George Conquest next Monday night at Wallack's.

TUCKER.—Mary Tucker, late of Daly's company, goes to the Boston Theatre next season, playing walking ladies and sharing the juveniles.

HAPPY.—Elliott Barnes called in to see us Tuesday. He was in a particularly happy mood, caused, so he said, "by the (hic) sea-air." That is the first time we ever knew of that saline commodity being sold in bottles with green seals at $3.50 apiece.

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Tony Denier respectfully notifies all artists desiring engagements with the above company, that every portion is filled for the coming season.

LOOK OUT FOR THE LIST OF STARS.

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Albert E. Reinhardt, Musical Director.

For Time and Terms, please address
MARTIN W. HANLEY, Ryan's Union Place Hotel, New York.

A CARD.—FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, July 27, 1880. To the public:—Owing to the heat and the strain upon my voice and energies in my recent struggles I am compelled, in justice to myself, to withdraw my successful play Suspected, as I am physically unable at present to act. Thanking the public for their appreciation, promising at some future time to reappear in renewed vigor, and still intending to expose, as soon as circumstances shall permit, the true animus of the recent attempt to crush me, I refer my friends and the public with pride to the accompanying card from the treasurer of the Fifth Avenue Theatre. Respectfully,

MINNIE CUMMINGS.

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, NEW YORK, July 27, 1880.—As treasurer for Max Strakosch for the past two seasons and elsewhere, the engagement of Miss Minnie Cummings at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, who played Suspected, has been decidedly most successful, in point of large and appreciative audiences, financially, having proved a profit to the management and all concerned.

GUS BOTHNER, Treasurer.

ANY PARTY OF SEVEN VOICES desiring a first-class opera in two acts and one scene, written by a journalist of this city, and composed by a graduate of Oxford can see a really desirable work by addressing OXFORD, at this office.

WANTED.—TO SELL HALF INTEREST in well-organized Amusement Enterprise for next season. The advertiser has other things to attend to and cannot give it the necessary attention. Will bear the closest investigation, and all its connections are first-class.

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STOLEN.

It having come to our knowledge on our arrival from Europe a few days ago that certain unscrupulous parties, who had received their salaries from us for years past, had feloniously gained or obtained in some fraudulent manner a

COPY OF MANUSCRIPT

of our spectacular piece of

'ROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS,

and intend to inflict it on some incautious managers throughout the country, we take this method to inform our friends and all responsible managers that there is ONLY ONE version of this piece, and that is owned by ourselves, and will be produced by us and our combination at MR. HAVERLY'S

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ON THE 30th OF AUGUST, for a short season, then throughout the principal theatres of the United States, on a scale of grandeur surpassing all our former productions.

While in Europe we secured all the leading features that are new and novel, and secured the services of the most skillful artists, who have been actively engaged on the scenery and paraphernalia at a cost of over

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The WARDROBE was manufactured by the greatest costumers of Paris, Berlin and Vienna, and from that of the principals down to that of the supernumeraries are models of splendor both in texture and fabric, and it is simply useless for these

BASE FRAUDS AND IMITATORS,

without money and without brains, to try and palm off on an enlightened public their worthless imitations. Our

REWARD

will be the endorsement of an intelligent and generous public, who have always recognized our former endeavors to please them. Closely following this will be produced by us at this beautiful theatre, with new and beautiful scenery and costumes, the wonderful ENCHANTMENT BLACK CROOK, and the latest European success, the

BLACK VENUS,

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Managers of Opera Houses and Halls can arrange time by addressing the undersigned. Managers of Opera Houses and Circuits in towns where large fairs are held during months of August, September and October, can arrange for this attraction. Nightly change of bill if required. Full dramatic company wanted. Address,

CHARLES A. WATKINS, care Brooks & Dickon, 909 Broadway, N. Y.

Ingersoll's Tribute to the Stage.

Bob Ingersoll's love for the drama is well-known, and it is characteristically exemplified in the following letter, which he wrote to Lawrence Barrett of the reception committee for the recent banquet given to Edwin Booth. It has never before found its way into print in New York:

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 14, 1880.

MY DEAR MR. BARRETT: Had it been possible your kind invitation would have been accepted. Nothing could give me more pleasure than to be where a great actor is honored. We now know that a man able even to understand Shakespeare is great, and that only a genius can clothe in living flesh, filled and thrilled with life's hot blood and passion's flame, the mighty offspring of the world's best brain.

To us, living in an age approaching civilization, it is amazing that the one complete and perfect man—the one within whose heart all races lived, and in whose brain were stored the fruit of all thought past—the seeds of all to be, was called a "sturdy vagrant" in the English law, while socially he fell below the dullest parson, and the half fed footman of the lowest squire. And yet to him all hearts were open as the sky, and nature told her secrets with his lips. His mind was like a sea to which all rivers ran and from which now the realms of thought receive the dew and rain. In the drama the highest thought in every age has found a tongue. While throne and altar forged and fastened chains the poor slave heard upon the stage the actor curse the injustice of the world, and wept for joy to see, even in a play, the captive free.

In all the other walks of life, rogues, hypocrites and cowards oft succeed, but on the stage applause greets only those who represent the great, the loving, brave and true, or give to public scorn the very heart of vice. At last the actor takes his place among the benefactors of mankind.

Heminge and Condell, in their dedication of the folio of 1623, speak of Shakespeare's works as "these trifles." Yet these trifles will outlive the pyramids and their dust. They will be remembered as long as most things will be forgotten.

Edwin Booth has elevated and refined the stage. He has recognized the sacredness of art; he has become illustrious as an interpreter of "these trifles," and it should satisfy his ambition to know that to and with the speech of Shakespeare his name and memory will be linked and mingled forever.

Thanking you once more, again regretting my inability to be with you, and hoping that the English will honor Mr. Booth as much as he has us, I remain, sincerely yours,

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

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